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AUGUST 5, 1921

7 Cents

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

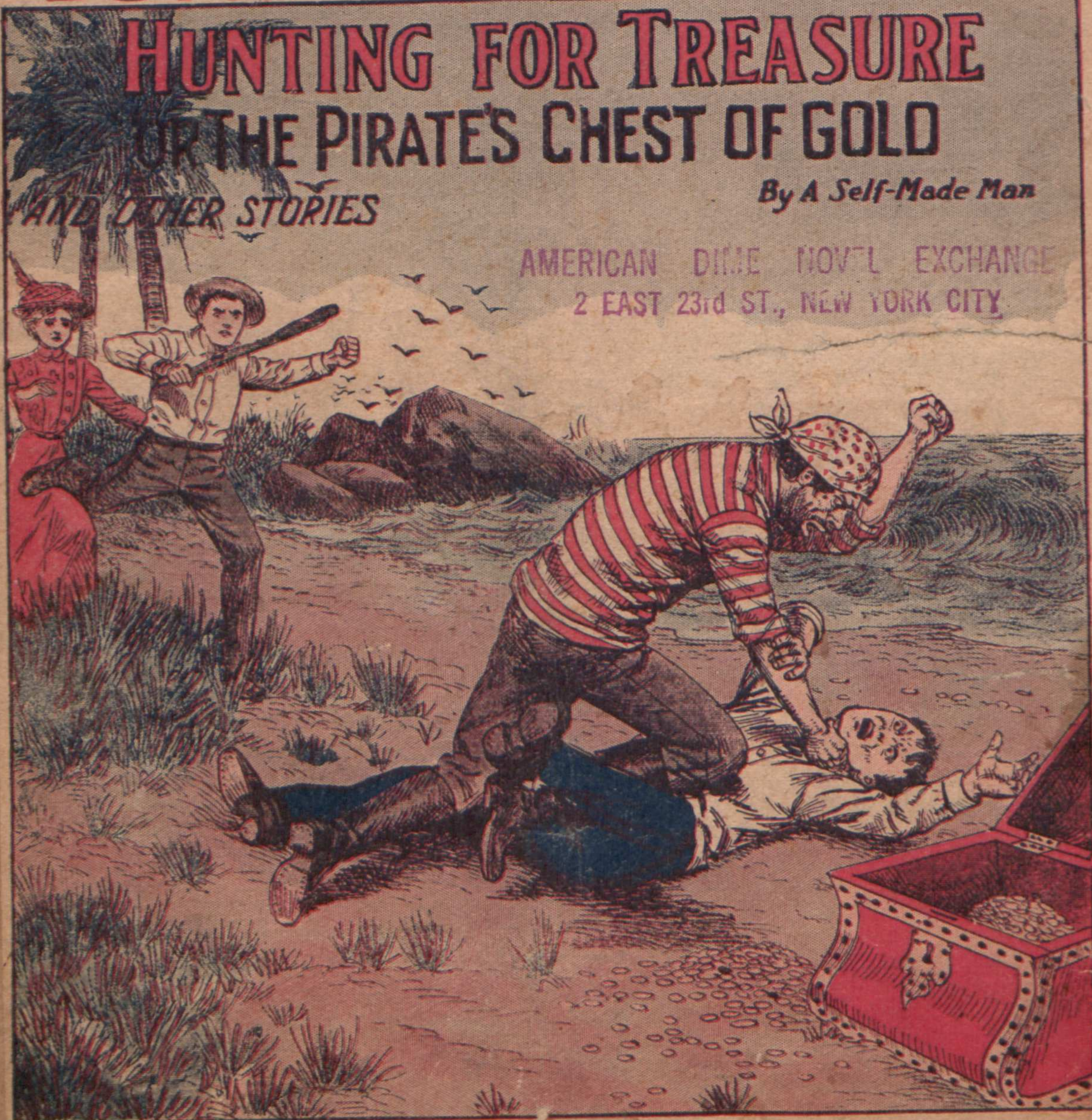
STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

HUNTING FOR TREASURE UP THE PIRATE'S CHEST OF GOLD

By A Self-Made Man

AND OTHER STORIES

AMERICAN DIME NOVEL EXCHANGE
2 EAST 23rd ST., NEW YORK CITY



The concealed ruffian suddenly sprang upon the boy and bore him to the ground. "By gar! You make free wiz my money, eh? I teex you!" he cried, raising one arm to strike Jack. At that moment Dick and Bessie appeared.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 827

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1921

Price 7 Cents

Hunting For Treasure

Or, THE PIRATE'S CHEST OF GOLD

8 Brook St., R. 44
Lawrence, Mass.

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Fisherman Jack and His Friend Dick.

"I don't like the cut of his jib, Jack," said Dick Swift.

"Oh, you'll like him well enough when you come to know him better," said Jack Barnstable.

"Maybe I will," replied Dick doubtfully, "but he looks too much like an old pirate to catch my fancy. How came your mother to rent her spare room to him?"

"'Cause she needs the money. We've been kind of pinched since my father died, two years ago. I don't earn a whole lot myself as a fisherman, except in the summer, when the mackerel run up this way. Last winter, you know, I worked in old Flint's store and stood it as long as I could, for he's the meanest man in Fairhaven. I was glad to quit as soon as the fishing season opened. Another reason why my mother took a chance on our boarder is because our cottage is somewhat out of the way. She has been trying for a year to get somebody to take the room, but nobody would come to our place, for they could find plenty of rooms right in the village."

"So you board him, too?"

"Sure. He's got to eat, and he couldn't tramp back and forth to the village for his grub, particularly as he's got the rheumatism bad and walks lame, even with the help of a stick. He's easy to please—most sailors are. This fellow looks as if he's been used to salt junk and such fare all his life. At any rate, he takes to our victuals like a duck to water."

"What did you say his name was?"

"He calls himself Bill Blizzard."

"How long has he taken the room for?"

"Indefinitely. He told mother that he doesn't know when he'll be able to go to sea again on account of his rheumatism, and he wants a snug harbor to anchor in."

"That looks as if he wants to be a fixture."

"That suits mother, all right, as long as he pays promptly."

"But will he be able to? Sailors don't usually have much money saved up, no matter how long they've been to sea."

"Mother asked him that question before she consented to take him. He grinned and showed her a handful of gold. It was foreign money, it's true, but gold is gold, all the world over. The coins were the size of a \$10 goldpiece."

"If he pays in foreign money, you'll have to

change it into American money. I don't know where you're going to do it in this village."

"Oh, Blizzard has a wad of our bills besides the foreign gold. He told my mother that the goldpieces were worth \$10.50 in our money."

"What foreign coin are they?"

"I don't know. He didn't say. He paid mother two weeks in advance with a \$10 bill."

The foregoing conversation took place between the two boys as they walked from the Barnstable cottage to the little cove where Jack's fishing boat, formerly the property of his father, was anchored. The cottage was built on the top of a short promontory, forming the northerly end of Fairhaven roadstead, and was partly sheltered by a background of rock and cedar trees. It was open toward the ocean and caught the full blunt of all storms that came from the northeast, east and southeast, but the two-story edifice left to Mrs. Barnstable by her husband, who had been a successful fisherman, was built to withstand all kinds of weather. Jack had secured all the schooling the village afforded, but his friend Dick was now attending a high school in a neighboring town, riding to and fro on horseback.

Dick's father was captain and owner of a schooner in the lumber trade, and he was only home a small part of his time. He was considered 'well-to-do' in the village, for his family lived in one of the best cottages in the suburbs and always had money to spend in good clothes and anything else they wanted. Spring was now well advanced and Jack looked forward to a good fishing season, for young mackerel were reported in great numbers to the south and would be fit to catch by the time they had worked well up the coast.

It was Saturday morning, and Dick was going out with him to help him fish. They were both clad in their roughest suits, for handling fish is not clean work. It was a cloudy morning, with a fair breeze blowing, and conditions were good for the business he had in hand.

"We ought to make a good haul, Jack," said Dick, as the boat skimmed seaward.

"That's what I figure on. I've got an order from the hotel and a dozen others to fill from families, and the rest of the catch I can sell to the packing house," said the young fisherman.

"It looks kind of hazy to the southeast. There might be a storm before morning, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, but if it comes at all it won't be along before dark. The wind is from the northwest, and is just the slant we need to carry us out to the Sisters."

"Ever hear why the islands were called the Seven Sisters?"

"No. There are seven of them, and whoever named them called them Sisters."

"He might have called them brothers just as well."

"Or the Seven Old Women, for I guess they're old enough."

"I'd have called them the Seven Old Maids."

"You know old John Stark, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's his boat yonder, coming out of the harbor."

"How do you recognize it?"

"By that dark, crescent patch on his sail. That's his son with him."

"Is he going to the Sisters, too?"

"That's where he usually hangs out."

"I don't fancy Pixey Stark. He's a tough nut."

"There's no love lost between him and me. I licked him the other day for annoying Bessie Gale."

"That isn't the first thrashing you've given him. They don't seem to do him any good."

"He's used to being knocked about. His old man is always pounding him for one thing or another."

"John Stark doesn't bear a very good reputation. They say he had a hand in the liquor smuggling that was carried on in this neighborhood a year or so ago."

"I guess he did. At any rate, he escaped trouble by giving evidence against the smugglers when the Government proceeded against them and broke the game up."

"I was in court at the examination of Captain Caderousse and his crew, and the Frenchman swore he would get square with him. I wouldn't like to have such a chap after me, for he's a perfect picture of an old-time pirate. He and his men were convicted at their trial. He was fined \$1,000 and got a year in the penitentiary. The men got a year each. Caderousse also lost the vessel, which was confiscated by the Government, together with the cargo of cognac, which was discovered through Stark, but it was said the schooner and brandy were owned by Halifax people in the background, so I suppose he didn't lose anything on them. Maybe his friends paid the fine, too, to prevent him from giving them away."

"I remember the facts, but I didn't see the smugglers. I heard they were a hard lot all around."

"Their time must be up, for it's a year since they were convicted."

"I suppose so," said Jack carelessly.

In a short time they reached the fishing ground. Jack selected a spot and threw out his anchor. The boys then began fishing. The fish bit eagerly and the boys secured quite a haul up to the time they got hungry about noon. They then stopped to eat the lunches they had brought with them. They fished an hour after the meal and then Jack thought it advisable to move to another

spot on the shoals. Stark and his son were out of sight behind one of the islands, but other fishing boats which had come out after them were in sight at different spots. The wind had dropped almost to a calm, and the great ocean looked as quiet as a mill pond. The haze in the southeast had spread out some, but appeared to be as far off as ever. The fish ran better at the new anchorage, and by five o'clock all the tubs were filled and all the spare space in the boat.

"I guess we've got all we can accommodate," said Dick.

They now set to work to clean their fish, as the wind was light. When they had finished the breeze freshened and they started for home. Inside of ten minutes a light breeze was propelling the boat softly shoreward. The breeze grew stronger, and by that time the fishing fleet of six craft was well under way. An hour later Jack ran his boat into the cove and came to anchor. Dick helped him carry the tubs of fish up to the cottage where they were placed in an outhouse.

One of the tubs was emptied into a washtub and they went back for the loose fish. It was eight o'clock by the time all the fish was in the outhouse. Then they went in to supper. The sailor boarder was not in evidence, as he had gone to his room. After the meal the fish was dumped into a hand cart, with tall sides, and putting the tub of cleaned fish on top, the boys pushed the cart to the packing house, which was open to receive the day's catch from the fishermen.

CHAPTER II.—The Stranger on the Shore.

It was late when Jack reached home with his cart. The sky was as black as an ink pot, and the wind was blowing a stiff gale from the southeast. The next morning a strong breeze was driving the sea mist in wisps across the landscape, giving the young fisherman but in indistinct view of the near-by village of Fairhaven, and its small fleet of fore-and-afters lying close inshore.

Jack didn't like the idea of turning out of his warm bed on such a morning, but he felt that his traps had to be looked after, so he dressed himself and left the cottage by the kitchen door. He wore his long fishing boots, for the grass was soaking wet and curled around his legs like tentacles. The first trap he had set on the edge of the marsh nearest the promontory. There was nothing in it, nor in the next three. The fifth produced a rabbit and, tying its legs together, Jack proceeded with his prize. The rest of the traps were all among the sandy ridges between the marsh and the shore, and as he tramped toward them, peering through the mist, he sighted a man on the beach. He was close upon him before he was aware of his presence, and at first he seemed a dark blot in the sea fog, alternately revealed and obscured by the driving mist.

"I wonder who that is?" Jack asked himself.

The man appeared to be examining the shore with great attention.

"What in thunder is he looking for?" said Jack to himself. "One would think he was looking for something that the waves brought ashore during the night, or might bring ashore at any moment. He looks damp enough to have been washed up himself."

Jack became so interested in him that he forgot all about his traps and followed him to the rocks that glistened at the foot of the promontory. The stranger peered sharply among the rocks and ventured among them as far as he dared go, but whatever the nature of his quest, the results were disappointing to him. It was growing lighter every moment, the rain had ceased, and Jack could hardly hope to remain unobserved much longer. Knowing that, he took his attention off the stranger and returned to his traps.

Something jumped in the sand in front of him—something brown and furry, but all dragged and rubbed the wrong way. It was another rabbit. Jack knelt on one knee, opened the jaws of the trap, put the little creature out of its misery and started for the next trap. He was kneeling in a hollow, sheltered from the wind by a mound of sand, adding a third rabbit to his string, when a piece of paper, green on one side and yellow on the other, came whirling over the top of the mound and lodged against Jack's chest.

As it was no uncommon thing for paper and other light things to be whirled about on the shore by the wind, Jack was about to shake it loose from his oilskin jacket when a second look showed it to be a \$50 bill. Full of astonishment that such a valuable piece of paper should come his way, the young fisherman turned it over in his fingers to make sure that it really was money. As he did so the figure of a man rose and looked over the mound. With an imprecation he reached down and snatched the bill out of Jack's hand.

"By gar!" he cried, in a foreign tone. "What for you hide yourse'f down here, eh? You watch me? I feex you!"

Jack stared up at him, and recognized the stranger of the shore. As he uttered the last words he flashed a revolver from his pocket and pointed it full at the boy.

"Hold on!" cried Jack, jumping up. "What's the matter with you?"

"Give an account of yourse'f."

"What'll I do that for? Who are you, anyway?"

"You are catching ze rabbit, oui?" said the Frenchman, whose sharp eyes had by this time observed the boy's occupation.

"Yes. I have a dozen traps along the shore, and I am visiting them to see what luck I have this morning."

"Je comprends. How long you been on ze shore?"

"About half an hour."

"And you see me before along ze edge of ze water, oui?"

"I thought I saw a man on the beach. So that was you?"

"Oui. I take ze early stroll for ze good of my health."

Jack knew he was lying, but prudence forbade him to express that opinion.

"I should think you'd have waited till the weather cleared. You are a stranger around here. Where are you hanging out?"

"Hanging out! What you mean by dat?"

"Where are you stopping?"

"Ah! I see ze drift of vat you say. I look like ze sponge vat you put in ze water, oui?"

"Yes, you look pretty damp."

"You see ze shape I am in—like ze drowned rat. You vill take me to your house and let me stand by ze fire a leetle vile, oui? S'pose you do dat, I make you von little gratification—I gif you dees for yourse'f."

The Frenchman pulled out a dollar bill and offered it to the boy.

"I don't want your money. You can come to our cottage and dry yourself for nothing, but I think you ought to apologize for pulling that gun on me."

"Eet vas all von grande meestake, mon gar-song. I make ze apology wiz all ze satisfaction in ze world. You shake han's wiz me?"

Jack wasn't anxious to do so, but he thought it wise to accept the Frenchman's hand, and he did.

"Well, come on," said Jack, taking up his three rabbits and starting for the cottage.

Smoke was issuing from the kitchen chimney so that the young fisherman knew that his mother was up. By this time the gray mist had nearly vanished from the surface of the ocean, while patches of blue sky showed here and there. When they reached the top of the point the village and surrounding country was clearly visible. Jack led the Frenchman into the kitchen.

"Mother, here is a man I met on the shore," said the boy, laying the rabbits on the table. "He is wet to the skin. I will take him up to my room where he can take his things off so they can be dried around the stove."

"Madame, Je suis carme de vous voir" (madame, I am very glad to see you), said the stranger, with a low bow, forgetting he was speaking in his native tongue.

Mrs. Barnstable nodded politely, though she didn't understand a word of his greeting, but judged that it was something complimentary.

"Follow me, monsoo," said Jack, leading the way. "By the time your clothes are dried breakfast will be ready."

The stranger from the shore kept close at his heels and Jack took him to his room.

"Strip, monsoo, and wrap yourself in this blanket," said the boy, who then doffed his own oilskins and hung them outside his window, where the sun was beginning to shine. "By the way, you haven't told me your name. Mine is Jack Barnstable."

"I keep dat ze secret for von leetle v'ile. You can call me ze capitaine."

"The captain! All right, monsoo, we'll let it go at that," said Jack.

When the stranger had divested himself of his clothes the boy took them downstairs and hung them up back of the stove. He then went out to milk the cow and turn her loose on the hillside. He fed the poultry and picked some of the vegetables intended for dinner. By the time sundry other chores had been executed breakfast was ready. Jack examined the Frenchman's

clothes and found they were dry enough for him to put on, so he carried them up to him.

"Here you are, captain. Get into your duds and come down to breakfast."

"Breakfas'! Dat is ze sound pleasant. J'ai faim" (I am hungry). "I go wiz you at once, mon garçon."

When they entered the living room the sailor boarder was already at the table.

"Take this seat, captain," said Jack, pulling out a chair.

As the Frenchman was about to seat himself, his eyes met those of the sailor, who was staring at him.

"Ha!" he cried, straightening up. Eet ees you, Blizzard? So I haf found you at las', eh? Bon. I speak wiz you after breakfas'."

With a fierce look, he sat down, while the sailor was taken with a fit of choking. As for Jack and his mother, they regarded their guests with some wonder."

CHAPTER III.—Captain Jean Caderousse.

After that the breakfast proceeded in silence. The sailor was clearly ill at ease, while the Frenchman appeared in no humor to say anything. At last the meal was finished and then the Frenchman rose abruptly.

"Come," he said to Blizzard, "ve vill go out in ze air and haf ze leetle talk. Eet ees a long time since you give me ze sleep, but, by gar, you vill now make ze reparation honorable, or zere vill be vat you call somesing doing. Comprenez vous?"

The sailor, who was clearly afraid of him, rose, muttered something under his breath, and allowed the Frenchman to lead him to the door. At that moment Dick Swift appeared. He stared at the stranger with open mouth, but the Frenchman, paying no attention to him, pushed Blizzard out of the door and followed.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dick. "How did he come here?"

"He! Who do you mean—the Frenchman?"

"Yes."

"I picked him up on the beach this morning, as wet as if he'd come out of the sea. He was poking around the shore, looking for something that he didn't find. He invited himself here to breakfast, and as he seemed determined to come, and looked ugly enough to enforce his request with the revolver he has in his pocket, I brought him along."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No, he wouldn't tell me his name."

"Well, I know him. He's the smuggler skipper, Captain Jean Caderousse."

"The dickens he is!" cried Jack, much astonished. "He's out of prison, then?"

"If he wasn't, he wouldn't be here."

Jack then told Dick about the incident of the \$50 bill, and how it led to the Frenchman discovering him behind the mound of sand.

"You'd better notify Constable Smith that he's hanging around here, and I'll go with you to Stark's house to put him on his guard," said Dick.

"All right," nodded Jack.

The boys walked outside. Captain Caderousse

and Blizzard were standing near the end of the promontory. The Frenchman was gesticulating violently, while the sailor, who was supporting his game leg with his stick, appeared to be taking things quite meekly.

"You'd better go and see Stark and the constable yourself, Dick," said Jack. "I don't like to leave those men together and nobody but mother about."

"All right. I'll do it. I'll be back as soon as I can."

With those words, Dick started for the village. At that moment the Frenchman and the sailor started back to the cottage. They entered the house and went to Blizzard's room. Jack went up to his room, which adjoined the sailor's, and stood at the door listening to the Frenchman's excited jabber. Whenever Blizzard spoke it was in a tone of protest. Jack finally ventured to peer through the keyhole of the boarder's door. He saw the sailor's sea chest open and Caderousse on his knees beside it, tossing its contents out on the floor while he kept up a running volley of talk, sometimes pausing to shake his fist at Blizzard, who seemed to have recovered somewhat from his uneasiness, and was smoking his pipe while he watched the Frenchman work havoc with his personal belongings.

Jack noticed that the smuggler captain examined most everything he turned out. Finally he reached the bottom of the chest without having found what he was after.

"I told you you wouldn't find it," said Blizzard.

"By gar! You haf hid heem somev'ere else in ze room," snarled the captain.

"I have told you it's at the bank, and I'll get it for you to-morrow."

"You vill get nossing to-morrow. You vill get heem to-day, or I blow ze roof off your head. You sink I am ze fool to wait and gif you ze chance to make ze skeep again? Non, non! Parbleu! I vas not born yesterday."

"Me skip, with my rheumatism! I couldn't do it nohow, cap'n."

"Vat, you could not do eet? You would find ze vay somehow eef I give you von leetle chance. You know ze value of dat chart. You nevaire give heem up if you help yourse'f. Now I got my fingaie on you at las' I keep heem zaire till you cough up."

"But the bank isn't open on Sunday, cap'n. You'll have to wait."

"By gar! I vill not wait, sare!" roared Caderousse, bringing his hairy fist down on the window sill with considerable force. "You will take me to ze house of ze president of ze bank and I vill ask heem eef you put ze paper in hees charge. Eef I find you tell me not ze truth, I shoot you on ze spot eef I hang for heem!"

Whether the smuggler captain was in earnest or not, he looked fierce enough.

"Come, we waste time here. We make ze start at once," said Caderousse. "Where did I put my chapeau?"

Blizzard rose halfway and, pointing, said:

"There it is, cap'n."

The Frenchman wheeled around. That brought the pocket in which he had his revolver close to the sailor. Blizzard deftly abstracted the weapon

and dropped it in his own pocket. The smuggler captain picked up his hat and said "Come," once more. The sailor, who had dropped back in his chair, didn't move.

"Are you goin' to leave my dunnage on the floor?"

"Bah! Vat I care for your sings? Put zem back yourse'f aftair you come back."

"You took them out. Put them back."

"Vat ees dat, sare? You talk to me like dat?" roared the Frenchman.

"You've been doing all the talking, you old shellback. It's about time I uncoiled a few fathoms of gab myself. Put my traps back in the chest and get a move on, for I'm gettin' kinder nervous, and when I'm nervous I'm a bad subject to monkey with."

Captain Caderousse stared at Blizzard, speechless with rage. Finally he found his tongue.

"You dare give me ze insult to my face!" he cried furiously. "I vill blow ze roof——"

He shoved his hand into his pocket for his revolver, but it was not there. He tried the other pocket, but in vain. Then a light broke over his mind.

"Ha! You pick my pocket. You take my pistol. Give heem up at once, or——"

He made a move to throw himself on the sailor, when Blizzard, who was looking for such a move, pulled out the weapon and pointed it at him.

"Take it cool, cap'n. If you come a foot nearer I'll pull the trigger and I'll swear I shot you in self-defense, which would be the truth."

"Ver' good!" hissed Captain Caderousse. "You hold ze uppair hand on me, but I feex you. I am not ze man to take ze water. Nex' time we come togezsaire—pouf! Ze world vill be less one common sailor. I vill haf ze life of you whezsaire I get ze chart or not. Dat ees all now, sare. Make ze best of ze time you haf left—eet ees short."

Captain Caderousse started for the door, whereupon Jack, who had been an interested observer of the foregoing, beat a hasty retreat to his own room. The captain went downstairs and into the kitchen, where Mrs. Barnstable was finishing her dishes.

"Madame," he said, with a bow, "I am under ze grand obligation for ze dejeuner to vich your fils (son) invite me. I nevair take somesing for nossing. I make you dees small present," laying a dollar bill on the table. "Bon jour."

Then he took his departure, but not in the direction of the village.

CHAPTER IV.—Jack Has a Talk With the Sailor.

Ten minutes later Dick turned up. Jack had come downstairs and was waiting for him.

"Well, did you see Stark?" he asked.

"Yes. He looked worried when I told him that Captain Caderousse was out of prison and over at your place. He wanted to know what he was doing at your house. I told him how you had found him on the shore this morning and treated him to breakfast without knowing who he was. He then got his revolver, put it in his pocket

and said he was going to call on the constable. He asked me to go with him. I did so, and the constable heard my story. He said he could do nothing unless the ex-smuggler broke the law in some way. He could not be interfered with simply because, after serving his time, he had chosen to return to this neighborhood. Stark reminded him that Caderousse had threatened him at his examination. He said if he and the captain came together there was likely to be trouble. He said he knew from experience that Caderousse was a dangerous man, and if he had to shoot him in self-defense he hoped he wouldn't be held for it. Then he went home and I came on here," said Dick. "Is the captain still around here?"

"No. He's gone away."

He told Dick of the interview between Caderousse and Blizzard, in the boarder's room, and how the sailor had turned the tables on the Frenchman, who then went away after promising to do up the mariner in short order.

"You say he has a chart that Captain Caderousse wants?"

"Yes. I judge that he stole it from the Frenchman. It seems to be a chart to a pirate's chest of gold."

"A pirate's chest of gold! Where?"

"I couldn't tell you, except it's on some island."

"In the Caribbean sea, likely, for that was where the pirates used to ply their trade. It must have been buried a long time, for there hasn't been any pirates that I know of for fifty or sixty years back."

"I heard Blizzard say he was on the island and took away a pocketful of the gold. He showed several samples to the Frenchman to prove it. It was the same gold he showed my mother when he applied for the room and board."

"If the sailor discovered the chest of gold, why didn't he fetch it away from the island?"

"Something prevented him from doing it."

"It was fated they should come together accidentally, and now the question is what will that meeting lead to? If I were Blizzard, I think I'd hunt up a new hiding place, for that Frenchman looks wicked enough to do anything to accomplish his purpose."

Jack and Dick went down into the cove to see how things fared with the little fishing smack, and found her all right. The young fisherman cleaned her out with buckets of water, and otherwise put her in shape for his next day's trip. When he and Dick returned to the cottage they found Blizzard sitting near the back door smoking his pipe without any apparent worry in the world. As dinner was nearly ready, Dick left for home, declining an invitation to remain and eat with his friend. When Dick walked away, the sailor beckoned Jack to his side.

"I reckon you and your mother are surprised at what took place this mornin' between me and the frog eater," he said, squinting up into the boy's face.

"Somewhat," replied Jack. "It seemed strange that you and he should know each other of old, and that your relations should be rather strained."

"It ain't so strange when you come to think of it, for the captain is an old sailor, and I've

been to sea myself, man and boy, over forty years."

"As long as that?"

"Yes, as long as that, my hearty," nodded the mariner.

"You must have visited many parts of the world."

"I've been pretty nigh all over."

"Did you sail with Captain Caderousse at one time?"

"I reckon I did, shipmate. Several v'yages in the West Injees."

"I thought he went away mad."

"Yes, he was mad, and he threatened to do me up."

"I shouldn't like to have him tell me that. He looks bad enough to keep his word."

"He'll keep it if he gets the chance."

"If you believe he will, why didn't you try and settle things with him?"

"He wanted too much."

"Too much!"

Blizzard nodded.

"Did he want you to hand over your money to him to square things?" asked Jack, with an innocent look.

"You mean the money I've got about me? No. What he wanted was——"

At that point Mrs. Barnstable appeared at the door and called them to dinner. The sailor got up, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in his pocket, and started for the living room. Jack was disappointed. He felt that the interruption had spoiled what might have been an interesting disclosure on the part of the boarder. It couldn't be helped, however, so the young fisherman followed him to the table.

CHAPTER V.—The Story of the Pirate's Chest of Gold.

The sailor had very little to say during dinner. He appeared to be thoughtful and preoccupied. After the meal was over he walked outside again, lit his pipe and smoked away. Jack, curious to see if he could induce him to continue the interrupted conversation, joined him after a little while.

"You were going to tell me what Captain Caderousse wanted you to give up when my mother called us to dinner," he said.

"Look here, my lad, if I tell you the facts, will you promise to keep them to yourself, unless it should happen that I hopped the twig kind of sudden like, in which case I'll release you of your promise?" said the sailor.

"I promise," said Jack, eager to learn what Blizzard had to say.

"Well, this hain't a good place to spin my yarn, so we'll go to my room, where we won't be interrupted."

The two walked upstairs and entered the sailor's apartment. After taking a good look out of the window, he sat down and pointed to the sea chest for Jack to perch himself on.

"I'm goin' to trust you with a golden secret, my lad, because I'm afraid it'll never do me any good, and because if matters come to a round-up

between me and the cap'n, and I get the worst of it, he won't gain nothin' through the trick."

The sailor paused, dumped his pipe out of the window, refilled it, and after applying a light to the tobacco, leaned back and looked at the young fisherman through the smoke that curled around his head.

"This here yarn deals with a pirate's chest of gold," he began.

He paused, as if expecting Jack to utter an exclamation of some kind, but as the boy had an idea of what was coming he showed no surprise.

"I know where such a thing is hidden," continued Blizzard.

"Where?" said Jack, feeling that some remark was expected of him.

"On a small key or island in the Caribbean Sea."

"That's a long way from here."

"I reckon it is, measured by miles; but it doesn't take long in these days of steam navigation to reach the West Injees from any port on the east coast of these here United States."

"That's right," nodded Jack.

"The island in question, shipmate, is low and sandy for the most part, with a few cocoanut trees and banana bushes on it, and uninhabited. It is visited in the season by turtle catchers, and when I sailed with Cap'n Caderousse he was in the turtle-catchin' business part of the time, and during the rest of the time he was—but that doesn't figger in this yarn."

The sailor paused to take a few extra whiffs.

"How long have you known that a box of gold was hidden on that island?" asked Jack.

"I'll allow I've known it more'n ten years."

The sailor got up, took another look out of the window, and, reseating himself, proceeded as follows:

"It was all of ten years or more ago that I sailed with Cap'n Caderousse aboard his schooner, who, as I said before, went after turtles part of the time, and the rest of the year carried cargoes from one island to another," said Blizzard. "The end of the last trip I made with him found us at Cardenas, in Cuba. We had fetched over a cargo from Kingston and we hauled into the wharf late in the afternoon to begin unloadin' next morning. After supper all hands went ashore to make a night of it, 'ceptin' me. I was called upon to remain aboard and watch the vessel till somebody turned up to relieve me, which I knew wasn't likely to happen for hours. It was a fine night, and I amused myself as best I could—which means I smoked my pipe, looked at the lights in the houses along the water front and thought how unlucky I was to be the only chap who was prevented, by duty, from joinin' the rest of the crew at the inn on the quay. Instead of bein' unlucky, it was just the contrary, but I didn't know it at the time—not till later."

The sailor got up and took another look from the window.

"It was along about eleven o'clock when Cap'n Caderousse came aboard with a swarthy-lookin' Frenchman of small size, who had as rascally a face as I've ever seen, and I've met some pretty hard cases in my time, you may well believe, shipmate," he continued, after re-seating himself. "He looked a cut between a Lascar and a

Malay, and there hain't much to choose for rascality between the two. They went down into the cabin, and the skipper turned up the swingin' lamp, which was burnin' low while he was ashore. As it happened, I was leanin' 'gainst the skylight, instead of for'ard, where it was my place to be. I could easily peer down into the smoky cabin, and as one side of the skylight was open for ventilation I could hear every word that passed between the cap'n and the strange Frenchman, though they didn't talk over loud at any stage of the proceedin's."

The sailor having exhausted his pipe, stopped to refill and lighted it again.

"The visitor aboard told the skipper a tale that caused my ears to tingle. It was about that there chest of gold which he said a notorious pirate by the name of Latrobe buried on the Isla de Lobo, in the Caribbean Sea, in the year 1808."

"Eighteen-eight! That's a long time ago," said Jack.

"I reckon it is; but what difference does that make, as long as the chest of gold hain't never been found and carried away? The visitor said that owing to the watchfulness of the warships cruising about the Caribbean, piracy was getting a black eye when Latrobe and two or three others like himself preyed upon the coast cities of the West Injees, and burnt and scuttled vessels wherever they found them. He said that Bonita and another rascal named Thompson finally abandoned the West Injees, sailed 'round the Horn, and continued to pillage the west coast of South America for many years, till at last they were caught, but that hain't got nothin' to do with the chest of gold in question."

"I heard that Thompson escaped and buried his plunder on Cocos Island," said Jack.

"I believe he did, but I hain't interested nohow in Thompson," continued the sailor. "The visitor told the captain that he possessed the secret of the chest of gold buried by Latrobe, and to prove it he showed the skipper the original chart made by the pirate himself, which he had obtained from an ignorant old sailor who had been captured by Latrobe when a boy."

"Well?" said Jack eagerly. "You have that chart."

"How do you know I have?" cried Blizzard sharply. "I haven't said so."

Jack looked a bit confused.

"I judged that was what Captain Caderousse wanted you to give up," he said.

"I'll allow the inference is natural," admitted the sailor. "The long and short of the matter was the visitor offered to divide the contents of the treasure chest with the skipper if Cap'n Caderousse would take him aboard and sail for the island."

"I suppose Captain Caderousse agreed to do that?"

"He did, right off the reel, after looking at the chart. They shook hands over the bargain, and then the skipper invited his visitor to stop aboard all night. The chap, however, declined, and said he would come aboard as soon as the schooner had discharged her cargo. Cap'n Caderousse brought a fresh bottle of liquor from his locker, and while the pair drank it, and I'll allow it made my mouth water to see them do it and me

lookin' at them as dry as a salted cod, the visitor told the skipper the yarn he got from the old sailor about how the gold came to be buried on that there island."

"What's the story?" asked the interested young fisherman.

"When only a mere boy, in 1808, the old sailor, with many others, was captured by Latrobe when he pursued and seized the vessel they were aboard of. For a long time Latrobe's ship, flying the 'jolly roger,' had been chased by English, American and Spanish warships, but being very fast, she had managed to avoid capture while preyin' on merchant vessels. Though Latrobe was lucky enough to escape the cruisers and still carry on his business, he found no safe opportunity to land any of his booty, which by that time, you see, was very large."

"It must have been," said Jack.

"At length Latrobe, the wind favoring, sent his ship south through the Caribbean as though makin' for Trinidad. The cruisers which had sighted him were left far astern, and night comin' on, he hauled around on a new course, and when mornin' came none of them were in sight. A small island appeared on the horizon, and toward it the pirate steered. Swingin' around the western end, the ship came to anchor close inshore. Then Latrobe ordered out one of his boats, had the chest of gold put into her, and pulled for the beach. He intended to bury not only that chest but many more, burstin' with riches, but, as it happened, Fate was ag'in him, and that there chest was the only one Latrobe had time to put under cover."

"What interfered with him—a hurricane or the warships?"

"I'm comin' to that. From the deck of the pirate ship the boy captive had a good view of the whole proceedin's. He saw the boat beached, the chest dragged up the sandy slope, and one of the men set at work burying it, while the others were sent back to the ship for more treasure chests. While awaiting them, Latrobe paced the beach at different angles, with the view of making a chart of the spot where he proposed to put all the plunder for the time bein'. The boat with a second chest of treasure started for the shore when the lookout gave notice of a sail to the wind'ard. On reaching the beach, Latrobe was told about the strange sail. Fearin' it was a cruiser, he ordered the boat back and returned in her. He hoisted sail and made for the open sea. Next mornin' he ran into an American warship and was captured without a shot being fired."

"And that was the end of him, I suppose?" said Jack.

"It was. The pirate prize was taken to Kingston, Jamaica, where Latrobe, his crew and his prisoners, including the boy, were placed in a prison pen to await execution, ordered for the next day. Inquiry satisfied the authorities that the boy and his fellow captives on the pirate ship were innocent and they were released. Before they were set free, Latrobe, who had shown a strange partiality for the boy, gave him a parchment chart showing the exact location of the chest of gold which had been buried on the

Isla de Lobo. On the followin' day Latrobe and his men were hanged."

"He only got what was coming to him," said the young fisherman.

"The boy became a sailor, but never found the means or the chance to secure the chest of gold. He always kept the chart in remembrance of his experience with the pirates. He grew to be an old man, and when dying he gave the chart to Cap'n Caderousse's visitor, in payment for some slight service, and related the story I've just spun you."

"That's the chart you have?"

"Aye, my hearty."

"How did you get hold of it?"

"I'll tell you. Cap'n Caderousse, bein' a big scoundrel, made up his mind to have the whole of the chest of gold to himself. His purpose in invitin' the visitor to remain aboard was to give him a chance to steal the chart. When his design failed, he took other measures. He managed to get the man drunk, then he grabbed him by the neck and choked him to death."

"You saw him do that?"

"I did. That's the kind of man he is, and why I'm afraaid of him, knowing he's in this neighborhood and that he's bent on doin' me up. That's why I'm takin' you into my confidence. After killing his visitor, he took the chart from his pocket and laid it on the table, while he grabbed the body, dragged it on deck and took it to the side and dropped it overboard. It was while he was doin' this that I made up my mind he should not profit by the murder. I slipped into the cabin and took the chart. As I was makin' my escape I met him face to face. With an oath, he drew his knife to stab me. I struck him to the deck and took to my heels. That's the last I saw of the skipper till we met this mornin'."

"But he didn't get the chart from you?"

"No, he didn't, matey, 'cause I was too smart for him; but he hasn't given up hopes of gettin' it, you depend on it. He'll never get it if I can help it. He made me open my chest and he searched every part of it and tapped it all over for a secret hidin' place, but he didn't find it. A curious thing happened two nights ago. I dreamed that the cap'n came into this room through the window, opened my chest and found the chart. It gave me such a turn that next mornin' I took the chart out of my chest and hid it under the carpet behind the bed. I don't feel that it's safe there with him around the diggin's, so I'm goin' to give it to you to keep for me. He'll never suspect that I'd part with it to any one, so it'll be safe in your hands. If I ever get hold of that treasure you shall have a good share of it. If the chance never comes, I'll leave you the chart and maybe you'll find a way to get the pirate's chest of gold."

Thus speaking, the sailor got up, took a look out of the window, then went behind the head of the bed. In a minute or two he returned with the chart in his hand. He handed it to Jack. The first thing that attracted the boy's attention was a figure of the cross, with N at the short end, E and W at the ends of the cross piece, and S at the long end, evidently the cardinal points of the compass, showing the bearings of the island itself. The cross was marked at the upper left-hand corner of the rude drawing. The line of the

shore was marked to conform with Latrobe's view from the spot where he stood when making the measurements. The next most important feature was a heavy triangle, with a line running from the center of the base, pointing E and W to the point S, which ended at a blot marked "rock—low tide."

Midway on the perpendicular line and approximately in the center of the triangle, was a small cross mark, with the words, "Dig here—three feet." To make the matter clear, we will say that the old parchment showed the chest of gold to be buried in the center of an equilateral triangle, the three angles of which were: First, a large rock at the water's edge, whose top was uncovered only at low tide; second, a spring bubbling up at the foot of a ridge of rocks; third, a solitary rock, resembling a coffin on end.

"Well, my lad, what do you think of it?" said Blizzard.

Before Jack could answer, the door opened and in walked Captain Caderousse.

CHAPTER VI.—The Finish of Bill Blizzard

The unexpected appearance of the smuggler captain carried consternation to both Jack and the sailor. It was like a policeman walking in on a couple of thieves and catching them with the goods. Instead of a menacing attitude, the Frenchman's rascally countenance bore a look of malicious satisfaction.

"I wish you good afternoon, my friends," he said. "Pardon me dat I make so free as to come in wizout knocking. I haf been outside dees goot while, listening to ze interesting conversation I hear going on wizin. Jamais! nevair I haf heard somesing dat make me feel so tickle. To sink dat ten year ago you play me dat leetle trick, mon ami Blizzard, and now ze tables are quite turn on you. By gar! Eet is to laugh, yet your face eet do not look funnee at all. But to business. I vill trouble you for dat chart, mon garcon."

Captain Caderousse made a great mistake by indulging in so long a preamble before making his demand. It gave both Jack and the sailor time to regain their self-possession. The Frenchman held out his hand, evidently expecting his request to be instantly complied with. Jack, instead of handing it to him, deliberately refolded it and put it in his pocket.

"Ha!" cried the smuggler captain. "You refuse to gif dat up?"

"I can't give it to you without orders from Mr. Blizzard," returned Jack.

"Mistaire Blizzard!" exclaimed the Frenchman contemptuously, while his black eyes sparkled ominously. "Nevair I heard a sailor call mistaire before. You vill give ze chart up before I count dix (ten), or I make you feel sorree."

"I wouldn't, Captain Caderousse," said Blizzard, pulling his gun and covering the Frenchman.

With sudden rapidity, the ex-smuggler raised his left hand from his pocket. Jack saw the glint of a revolver in his fingers.

"Look out, Blizzard!" he shouted excitedly.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before two flashes and two reports, almost like one,

rang out in the room. The sailor half rose in his chair, dropped back and fell over on the floor. Captain Caderousse dropped his weapon with an imprecation, and Jack saw the blood streaming from his hand. The boy, instead of losing his presence of mind, sprang forward, picked up the weapon and, stepping back, pointed it at the captain.

"Make a move, Captain Caderousse, and I'll fire," he said resolutely.

The ex-smuggler hurled an oath and a threat in French at Jack, but he might as well have saved his breath. Then he attempted to leave the room in defiance of the young fisherman's command.

"Stop!" cried Jack, "or I swear I'll shoot!"

There was something in the ring of the boy's voice that brought the rascal to a stop. He wheeled about and glared at Jack. At that moment there was a pounding on the door.

"Jack! Jack! What has happened?" cried his mother, in a tremulous voice.

"Run to our nearest neighbor, mother, and tell him to go find the constable at once and bring him here. Captain Caderousse, whom you let in the house, has shot and, I fear, killed our boarder," replied the boy.

Mrs. Barnstable uttered an exclamation.

"Go at once, mother. I am holding the captain at the point of a revolver. If he tried to leave the room I shall shoot him, and I don't care whether I kill him or not."

Mrs. Barnstable hurried away, in fear and trepidation. Perceiving that threats had no effect on the plucky boy, the Frenchman altered his tactics.

"You are ze brave garcon," he said, with a treacherous grin. "Eet would be a pittee dat we haf ze bad blood between us. I make you von proposition. Let me go about my business wiz ze chart, vich eet ees of no use to you, and v'en I get ze gold I vill send you ze sum of dix mille dollaire—dat ees \$10,000. You agree?"

"No. You can't buy me for a million. You'll go to jail—or to the hospital," replied Jack.

Captain Caderousse shrugged his shoulders and coolly sat down, while he bandaged his wounded hand with his handkerchief. Jack also sat down again on the chest with the revolver pointed at the ex-smuggler. After binding up his wounded hand, Captain Caderousse began humming some rollicking French air, apparently giving no further attention to the boy. Not for a moment was his brain idle, however. He was a man of infinite resource, and accustomed to dealing with ticklish situations. At length came the sound of footsteps below.

Mrs. Barnstable had not only sent her nearest neighbor for the head constable, but had visited the homes of several fishermen, and begged them to follow her to the cottage and save her son from being murdered. Three hardy chaps responded to her appeal. She led them upstairs and pointed to the door of the boarder's room.

"Jack and the villain are in there," she said.

The foremost fisherman opened the door and looked in. He saw Captain Caderousse seated in the chair and Jack on the sea chest with the revolver pointed at the scoundrel.

"What's the trouble?" asked the fisherman,

whose name was Parker, stepping inside, followed by his two companions, who remained at the door.

"Murder has been done, Parker," replied Jack. "This ex-convict, just out of the penitentiary, has shot and killed our boarder, Bill Blizzard. See where the poor fellow lies."

"Ze garcon tells vat ees not so," protested the captain. "You see my han'? Ze bullet from ze pistol of ze sailor done dat. I shoot to safe my life. Eef I keel heem I cannot help," shrugging his shoulders. "Am I to let myse'f be shot like ze cochon—peeg? Non, non; I defend myse'f. Eet ees my right. You take me to ze officaire of ze police; I explain everysing."

"Take him along," said Jack. "You better tie his hands behind him first, for he's a dangerous customer."

One of the fishermen went downstairs to get a piece of line, the other two and Jack kept their eye on the prisoner. The captain had sprung on his feet when Jack ordered him tied, and he remained standing, with his right hand on the chair. They soon heard the fishermen coming back. Captain Caderousse suddenly lifted the chair and flung it at Jack. Then he shot out his ponderous fist at the nearest fisherman, sending him backward on the bed. Springing on the other man, he shook him as a dog might a rat and fairly flung him against the man who was in the act of entering with the line, upsetting both. That left the way clear for his escape, and he took instant advantage of it. The whole thing happened so quickly that before Jack could catch and throw the chair aside, Captain Caderousse was out of the door.

"The rascal!" cried Jack. "He'll get away unless something is done. After him, you chaps. I'll drop out of the window and try to wing him."

Jack swung out of the window and dropped to the ground. He ran around to the back of the house just as the ex-smuggler was issuing from the kitchen door.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" cried the boy.

With a chance to run, the captain was willing to take a chance of a shot. He dashed across the yard, intending to leap the white paling. The young fisherman took careful aim at his burly form and fired. The distance was so short that Captain Caderousse would have received the ball in his back but that Old Nick came to the aid of his follower. The captain's foot caught in a piece of rope stretched to protect some young plants and he pitched forward as Jack pulled the trigger. Supposing he had hit the rascal, Jack lowered his weapon and called to the fishermen. Captain Caderousse sprang up, vaulted the fence and ran down the hillside toward the edge of the marsh.

CHAPTER VII.—After the Tragedy.

"My, I believe I missed him, after all!" ejaculated Jack, much chagrined.

He sent another bullet after the captain, but missed him again. Then he jumped the fence and fired at the fugitive again, but without result. Captain Caderousse disappeared into the marsh and was gone. At that moment the head

constable and one of his assistants approached, with a bunch of men. Jack hurriedly explained the situation and the two constables started after the ex-smuggler. The crowd was anxious to learn all that had happened, and the young fisherman satisfied their curiosity, omitting, however, all reference to the treasure chart.

"We must attend to Blizzard now, poor fellow," said Jack. "We'll lay him out on his bed in readiness for the coroner to inspect. I wish one of the people would go after that official and bring him here right away."

One of the crowd agreed to do it, and started off on his errand. Inside of an hour the coroner arrived, and by that time the news of the tragedy had spread around the village and a big crowd was congregated about the cottage. The coroner looked at the body and decided to hold his inquest at once and get the matter over with, as Mrs. Barnstable wanted the body taken away. A jury was impaneled from among the spectators, and was called to order in the living room. The only witnesses were Jack and his mother. They told the details of the affair.

Upon being asked if he knew the nature of the ill-feeling Captain Caderousse entertained against the sailor, he admitted that the sailor had told him all about it, but he didn't think it would be of any value to repeat it, as the jury would have to take his word for its truth. In any event, it was second-hand testimony and not legally admissible. Jack managed to keep the matter of the chart in the background. He knew if he mentioned it the coroner would require him to produce it, and doubtless would take charge of it as a piece of evidence.

He didn't want to part with it, or let anybody in the neighborhood know that he possessed a clue to a chest of gold. It would arouse speculation and some excitement, and in the end he would lose all chance of benefiting by what he regarded as the sailor's legacy to him. The jury deliberated after the coroner made his speech, and they finally came to a verdict of homicide against the captain. That ended the proceedings, and Jack accompanied the coroner to the village to call on the undertaker. When Jack got back he found a small crowd still about the cottage. He asked the people, all of whom he knew, to disperse, and they did.

"Now, mother," he said on going into the house where supper was under way, "as Blizzard has money on his person, and maybe in his chest, too, I'm going to take charge of it and expend it on his funeral. If I find more than is necessary to defray the expenses, I shall buy him a decent-sized plot in the cemetery and erect a headstone to his memory. We ought to lay the whole of it out on the poor fellow, as it belongs to him and not to us."

His mother agreed with him, so Jack went to their late boarder's room and searched his pockets. He found about \$100 in bills and twenty foreign goldpieces, valued at about \$10 each. In the trunk he discovered a bag containing 200 more of the gold coins, which he estimated at \$2,000. The rest of the sailor's effects had no particular value. Of course, he couldn't lay out \$2,300 on a funeral for Blizzard.

It would be a pure waste of money, and it

would be a difficult matter to lay the sum out, anyway. To erect a costly monument and tomb for a common seaman, who really was, in his way, a big rascal, would create too much comment in the village. The finest grave in the little cemetery had not cost over \$1,000 all told, if as much as that, and as Fairhaven's most prominent and respectable inhabitant was buried in that plot it would not do to cause a sailor-stranger to outshine him.

Accordingly, when the undertaker came Jack told him the sailor had left \$300 behind him, and as his heirs, if he had any, were involved in obscurity, he proposed to expend the money on a small tomb and the funeral. The undertaker gave his estimate that included a fine coffin, and Jack accepted it. The body was taken to the undertaker's store and there prepared for burial. Jack didn't go on his fishing trip next day, but devoted his time to securing a nice spot in the churchyard, from which a clear view of the sea could be had. Then he arranged with a mason to build the tomb. While it was under way the sailor's body, after being embalmed, was placed in the church vault temporarily.

When the tomb was ready the coffin was removed to it and sealed up in presence of the minister, who recited the usual prayers, and Jack and his mother. A plain stone was then placed at the head of the grave, on which the following inscription was cut:

"Sacred to the memory of William Blizzard, able seaman, who departed this life on May 13, 189—. May he rest in peace."

In the meanwhile Jack had been doing a lot of thinking. He had \$2,000 of the late sailor's money, and he figured that he could not spend it to better advantage than hiring a schooner, visiting the Isla de Lobo and hunting for the pirate's chest of gold. He had no idea of the size of the chest, but imagining it to be a seaman's chest, he figured that it must contain a lot of money, possibly a quarter of a million dollars. That was a prize worth going after, and he did not wonder that Captain Caderousse was hot on its trail. Without the chart, however, it would be utterly out of the question for him to find the chest. With the chart to point the way, Jack judged that the recovery of the pirate's treasure would be easy. He forgot, however, that all of eighty years had elapsed since it was buried, and that perhaps the spring had dried up, or the coffin-shaped rock had been displaced, or that the key-stone, visible only at low tide, might have sunk into the ocean.

Still, it was a fact that Blizzard had found the treasure a few years since, though he had been prevented from taking it away. That encouraged him to believe that the chest of gold could easily be located. He talked the matter over with his mother, and though she did not like to have him leave her, still the prize was a golden one, and if secured by Jack would place them forever beyond want and, in fact, make them the richest people in Fairhaven. That gave her a vision of silk dresses, a fine house and ease in her old age, so in the end she fell in with her son's views and gave her permission for him to go if he was willing to undertake the trip to the tropics.

CHAPTER VIII.—Beginning of the Treasure Hunt.

Jack, having decided to go, proceeded to make his arrangements to that end. He had neither seen nor heard of Captain Caderousse since he lost sight of him that Sunday morning in the marsh. For a while he had been afraid he would have a visit from the Frenchman on the quiet and a demand made upon him for the chart. In order to avoid such a contingency, if possible, he bought a watchdog and let him loose around the house every night. He adopted various other precautions, also, and always slept with the captain's revolver under his pillow, while his mother had Blizzard's. If the ex-smuggler made any attempt to reach him Jack never became the wiser of it.

Jack visited the city of Rockport and inspected several schooners that were for hire there. He picked out one, a stanch craft, made arrangements with the owner, and returned to Fairhaven to make suitable provision for his mother's support during his absence. He found her broke up over the death of her only sister who had died in Boston, leaving her daughter, a girl of sixteen, to her care. Jack was very sorry to learn of his aunt's demise, but he felt that his cousin would be just the company his mother needed while he was away. He wrote to the girl and told her to come on to Fairhaven as soon as she could, as he was going away, to be absent some weeks.

"Where have you been for the last few days, Jack?" asked Dick, when he came to the cottage that evening. "I've been around here looking for you two or three times. Your mother said you'd gone somewhere on special business, but she wouldn't tell me where. She said you had told her to keep it a secret."

"Well, I don't mind telling you, old chap. I was in Rockport."

"What were you doing there?"

"Making arrangements to go to sea."

"Go to sea!" cried Dick, in surprise. "And the mackerel season just opening?"

"I'm after bigger fish than mackerel."

"Are you thinking of shipping in a whaler? I never heard that whalers came to Rockport, and I never heard you express a desire to go to sea at all. What put the idea into your head so suddenly? And what does your mother say to such a thing?"

"I'm not thinking of shipping in a whaler or any other kind of craft."

"But you said you went to Rockport to make arrangements to go to sea."

"I know I did. I'm going to sea, all right, but under special conditions."

"What do you mean by special conditions?"

"I'm going to sail the vessel myself."

"You are?" cried Dick, in astonishment.

"Yes, with the help of a practical navigator."

"Say, what are you giving me, anyway?"

"Facts. I've hired a seagoing schooner, and in a day or two I shall return to Rockport to fit her out and hire my crew. The navigator is already engaged."

"For Heaven's sake, what are you doing it for,

and where did you get the money that it costs to put such a plan in execution?"

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure I can."

"I've got the chart Blizzard had relating to the buried chest of pirate gold, and I'm going to the island where it lies hidden, dig it up and bring it home."

"Great Scott! You don't mean it!"

"I certainly do mean it."

"The sailor has been dead nearly a month, and this is the first time you've mentioned that chart to me."

"I didn't care to say a word on the subject until I had figured out my course."

"Does the chart really show where the chest of gold is buried?"

"If it didn't, what would be the use of my going after it?"

"That's true. And you actually intend going after it?"

"Most decidedly."

"But it costs a wad of money to lease a vessel of the kind you want, hire a navigator and crew and fit her out with supplies for the cruise. Have you got somebody with money to go in with you on the deal?"

"No. I'm going it alone."

"Then where did you get the money?"

"That's one of my business secrets."

"Which means you won't tell me?"

"Not at present."

"When are you going to start on this expedition? I wish I were going with you."

"If your folks will give you permission to go, I'll take you along, and it won't cost you a cent."

"I'm with you, old man. My vacation has just begun, and I guess my folks won't object if you expect to be back within two months."

"I hope to be back within six weeks."

"That'll suit me first rate. I'd like nothing better than to go on a treasure hunt. If you find that pirate's chest of gold you'll be a second Monte Cristo."

"Hardly that, but it ought to put mother and I on Easy street."

"I should say so. What's the size of the chest?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"If it's the size of the sailor's sea chest, and full of money, it ought to pan out a million."

"Nonsense! I don't imagine there's half that amount in the pirate's chest."

"I suppose you found the chart in Blizzard's chest?"

"No. He gave it to me to keep for him just before he was shot. He told me if he never was able to go to the island himself I was to have the chart so I could try my own luck."

"Did he tell you how he got hold of the chart?"

"He did."

"How?"

"He was sailing under Captain Caderousse at the time."

"That's how he came to know the smuggler?"

"Yes. Some time I'll tell you the story. It's quite interesting. I'll say this much—he stole it from the Frenchman, after that rascal had mur-

dered the man who had possession of it. That explains why the captain was sore on him."

"Well, well!"

"The shooting grew out of the efforts of the captain to get it away from Blizzard."

"I see. It's a good thing for you, I guess, that the smuggler doesn't know you've got it."

"But he does know I've got it."

"How does he?"

"The rascal, before the shooting, listened outside the door of the sailor's room and heard every word Blizzard said to me. Then he came in and saw the parchment in my hand. His attempt to get it from me precipitated the tragedy."

"And you never told me this before."

"For the reason I have already mentioned."

"Well, I'll rush home and put the trip up to my folks. I'll let you know in the morning how things pan out."

"All right," said Jack, and they parted.

Dick was over first thing in the morning with word that he could go on the trip.

"Good!" said Jack.

"I suppose you'll put into some of the tropic ports before you go to the island where the pirate's chest is?"

"I think it's likely I'll have to stop at one or two."

"Wouldn't it be great if we ran across Bessie Gale and her father?"

"It would be fine," said Jack, "but I hardly think we will."

"We might. Captain Gale said he would take a cargo from Boston to Kingston, in Jamaica, and he told me he expected to stop at one or two of the Cuban ports before he got back."

"There's about one chance in a thousand of our meeting with the Gales, which means there are 999 chances of our not running across them. It is quite possible they may be on their way back by the time we reach the Caribbean. The schooner has been gone a full month."

"You're going to Rockport in a day or two to get things in shape for the trip?"

"I'm going to-morrow in Jackson's sloop, which is bound there, and will leave at the first flood, around five in the morning."

"Am I to join you there?"

"No. I intend to drop anchor here to bid mother good-by. Then you can come aboard with your dunnage."

"What shall I fetch along?"

"Your very lightest clothes, for one thing."

"How would a suit of underclothes, a collar and a necktie do?" grinned Dick.

"First rate, only you'd need something else to go over the underclothes when you went ashore in a civilized town."

"I'll buy a white, linen suit in Portland. That's about the style in the tropics."

"Yes, but you'll need a heavier suit to wear before we strike the warm zone," said Jack.

"Yes, I guess I will."

The boys talked some time about the coming trip after the pirate's chest of gold, and then separated. On the following morning, at daylight, Jack sailed for Rockport on Captain Jackson's sloop. Three days later a weatherbeaten but stanch-looking schooner entered the Fair-

haven harbor and anchored just inside the curve of the promontory on which the Barnstable cottage stood. She was the Polly Perkins, rented for a trip to the tropics by Jack Barnstable.

A boat was lowered and Jack was rowed to the beach by a sailor, who then went back. Jack walked up to the cottage and found that his Cousin Sarah had arrived the day before, bag and baggage, from Boston, and had taken possession of the room formerly occupied by the sailor.

"Sarah, you're as welcome as the flowers in May," he said, giving her a kiss. "I'm going on a sea trip that will take me from four to six weeks, so you won't see much of me till I get back. Mother, I expect to start this afternoon, for everything is ready. Has Dick been here?"

"He was here yesterday afternoon. He's all ready to go with you."

"Good! I'll run around to his house now and tell him to get his duds aboard at once."

Dick was not at home when he reached his house, as he went out to bid some of his particular friends good-by. Mrs. Swift asked Jack for such additional information about the trip as her son had not communicated to her. Dick, acting under orders from Jack; had said nothing about the object of the voyage to the tropics and, of course, Jack did not mention it, but allowed Mrs. Swift to suppose that he was carrying a cargo from Rockport to the West Indies.

Jack left word for Dick to send his things aboard the Polly Perkins without delay, and be on hand himself, for the schooner would sail about five o'clock. Dick got the message when he returned to lunch and he lost no time in complying with his friend's request. He reported at the Barnstable cottage at four, prepared to go. By five he and Jack were on board the schooner. The tide was at its flood and, sail being hoisted, the Polly Perkins began her voyage to the tropics.

CHAPTER IX.—Hunting for the Treasure Island.

Jack had secured an up-to-date chart of the West Indies and had studied it carefully. Though every island and key in that region was supposed to be down on the chart, the boy could find no sign of the Isla de Lobo. This had almost upset his calculations at the start, since what was the use of fitting out a vessel to make the trip to the Caribbean if his destination was involved in obscurity? On consulting the captain, from whom he got the loan of the chart, he learned that the earlier names of many of the smaller islands had been changed.

"That's a Spanish name and means Wolf Island," said the old captain, who had sailed in Caribbean waters many years of his long life and was now on the retired list. "I judge it has acquired that name through some resemblance the island bore to a wolf. Now, in order to strike the island you're in search of, you'll have to stop at some port in the West Indies and make inquiries about a small island that has some likeness to a wolf. That's the only way you'll be able to pick it out. Now, I have a recollec-

tion of such an island somewhere to the north of Trinidad——"

"That must be it!" cried Jack.

"Then you must have a clue that the island is in the neighborhood of Trinidad?"

"From the information I possess it lies about two or three days' sail north of Trinidad and some distance to the east of Kingston, Jamaica."

"Well, I'm sorry I can't locate the island I have in mind. I passed it one morning all of twenty years ago, and I remember the mate called my attention to the island on account of its resemblance at that distance to the head of a wolf. Now, a closer view of the island might destroy that resemblance. Such resemblances are mostly fancy, anyway. I know that most people will find no likeness in a rock say to something in nature until his attention is called to the fact. Then his imagination will get busy and he'll admit the likeness and wonder why he did not notice it right away," said the captain.

"That's right," nodded Jack.

"If it were possible for me to recall the particular trip on which I saw this island that had some faint likeness to a wolf's head I might, perhaps, find it noted down in my logbook, a full set of which I have in the house. In that event I would be able to furnish you with the latitude and longitude of the island, and we could doubtless find its present name on the chart. We might take a look at the chart, anyway, and look up the islands within say 300 miles of Trinidad to the north."

"Directly to the north of Trinidad the Windward and Leeward Islands, in great number, were traced in the form of a crescent all the way to the eastern end of Porto Rico, for a matter of 700 miles, beginning at a point something less than 100 miles north of Trinidad. The larger islands, all well known and inhabited, were as plain as a pikestaff, but the small islands and keys were as numerous, apparently, as the sands of the shore, and to pick out any particular island as the Isla de Lobo when that name was not inscribed on the chart was a clear impossibility. They had to give it up.

"If you are fairly certain that the island you are in search of lies between 300 and 500 miles to the north of Trinidad, which would bring it within either the Windward or Leeward groups, the best thing for you to do will be to put in at the larger islands after passing Porto Rico and make your inquiries among the native sailors. If any one can furnish the information you want, they can," said the captain.

"I will take your advice, captain. In fact, your suggestion is the only thing I can follow. Otherwise it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to discover the Isla de Lobo," said Jack.

Ten days after the Polly Perkins left Fairhaven she was off Porto Rico, at that time in the possession of the Spaniards. The island being traversed from east to west by a range of mountains 1,500 feet in average height, though rising in one peak over 3,600 feet, it was first seen at a considerable distance off.

"Yonder is Porto Rico, Barnstable," said Captain Somers.

"Good!" said Jack.

As their course had been laid direct for this island, as their starting point in the treasure hunt, it was the first land they had sighted since leaving the coast of Maine. Thus far they had had an uncommonly fine voyage. The ten days at sea had been a summer jaunt on a summer sea, and neither of the boys had been seasick. Dick had more than once declared that he was having the time of his life.

"I guess I've got my sea-legs on by this time," he said, as they watched the deep blue cloud on the distant horizon develop into real land.

"You only imagine so, Dick," laughed Jack. "The first good blow would take your pins from under you so quick that you wouldn't know or care what had struck you."

"Then I hope we won't run into a blow."

"You'll catch one or more gales before you get back home, you can take it from me," said Jack. "You'd lose half the experience if you wasn't sea-sick."

"Oh, gracious, don't mention it! I'd be satisfied to get along without the experience."

"We are now in the region of hurricanes, and they're the worst kind of blows in this part of the globe."

"If the captain sees one coming he'll run for port, won't he?"

"If we're near enough to a port to escape the hurricane; otherwise, we'd be safer out on the open sea. A hurricane, I've heard, is something fierce while it lasts. Blizzard told me that he had been through more than he could keep track of. He said one he was in blew all the hair off the cook's head and left him as bald as an egg."

"Oh, come off! Don't give me any yarn like that."

"You don't believe it, eh?" grinned Jack.

"I should say not. Let's talk sense. We're going to put in at San Juan, aren't we?"

"That's my intention."

"To begin our inquiry about an island that looks like a wolf's head?"

"Yes."

"To tell you the truth, I'll be glad to shake my feet on shore again. Though I've enjoyed every minute of this trip, still ten days of constant sea, and sky has a tendency to become monotonous."

"If you took to the sea as a steady thing, you'd find yourself pretty often out of sight of land for a good deal longer time than that."

"Oh, I'm not going to sea! I was only joking."

"I knew that. Your folks are educating you for something better."

"I suppose San Juan is a curious kind of place?"

"I judge it is. Not at all like any American town. Anything Spanish is generally of the back-number variety."

"As you can't speak Spanish, how are you going to make your inquiries among the native sailors? Going to get an interpreter?"

"No. Captain Somers speaks Spanish, and he's going to make the rounds with me."

"You're all right, then."

"I'll be all right if I can get a line on Wolf Island."

An hour later Porto Rico was in plain view, and they drew steadily in to the coast. San Juan lay to the southeast, and the schooner's

course was laid in that direction. Early next morning they entered the harbor and cast anchor. Jack and Captain Somers went on shore to report their arrival to the authorities and, of course, Dick went along. Jack began his inquiries without delay, but the only thing he elicited wherever he applied was curiosity as to the object of his quest.

They remained two days in port, using up every minute of the time, and then sailed for the Virgin Islands, to the eastward. Inquiries there brought them no information and they continued on, islands constantly cropping up around them. Finally they struck Guadeloupe, a large island of odd shape as viewed on the chart, and put in at a town on the west coast. By this time Jack was beginning to fear that his outlay of time and money would result in nothing more profitable than a pleasant cruise. Three weeks had passed since the Polly Perkins sailed from Fairhaven, and Jack knew no more about the location of Wolf Island than before he left home. There was no reason why he should go all the way to Trinidad, though both he and Dick had a curiosity to see the island.

His plan was to sail as far as Grenada, the most southern of the Windward group, round it and retrace his course along the Antilles on the eastern side, for he was going down on the west, or Caribbean side. On the way up he would probably take in more islands, for he certainly did not intend to return home without making every effort to find the treasure island. Coming to anchor close inshore at the fair-sized town of Guadeloupe, Captain Somers and the two boys were rowed ashore and went to a picturesque inn on the water front. The ground floor, like all places in the tropics, was open to admit the breezes coming in from the sea. Nevertheless, though it was well along toward evening, the visitors found it awfully hot. And no wonder, for they were only sixteen degrees above the equator.

The three took possession of a table beside a wide window, whence they had a fine view of the waterfront in their neighborhood and the sea, with their schooner at anchor a short distance off. The room was fairly full of native inhabitants; drinking and smoking cheroots and cigarettes, and jabbering away to one another at a great rate. Captain Somers ordered wine and some light refreshments. The boys were greatly interested in all that was going on around them, and for the time forgot the object of their presence in that foreign clime. Suddenly Dick uttered an ejaculation.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack.

"Look yonder and see who's coming this way," he said, in some excitement.

Jack looked and gave a gasp. It was impossible to mistake the burly form and rascally features of the last man he cared to run across again, namely—Captain Jean Caderousse.

CHAPTER X.—The Island Located at Last.

If Captain Caderousse had looked like a hard customer in Maine, his appearance was twice as bad here, dressed as he was in a half-piratical

rig, like many of the habitués of the water front. His costume consisted of very light duck trousers, secured by a leather belt; a striped shirt in bright colors, cut low in the neck; a red bandana handkerchief wound around his head, and a soft, wide-brimmed Spanish hat set rakishly on top of it. Truly, he presented a picturesque appearance and looked for all the world like a half-brigand, half sea-rover, in a comic opera.

"Great Scott!" cried Dick. "I believe he's coming here. In that case he's certain to see and recognize us. He'll guess at once what is bringing us to this neighborhood, and he'll make a hot attempt to recover the treasure chart. We'd better skip out the back way if there is one."

Captain Somers wanted to know what interested them so much. Jack pointed out the Frenchman, who had stopped to talk with an acquaintance, and hurriedly explained who he was and how trouble was sure to come if he spotted them, particularly himself.

"Then we'd better go somewhere else," said Captain Somers.

"He'll see us if we go out by the front entrance."

"Then we'll go by the back way."

"There may not be a back way," said Jack.

"I'll risk that. Follow me," said the captain.

They got up and started for the rear door. Passing through it, they entered a kitchen and then a garden. Skirting a house behind, they emerged into the next street. On the other side of the way was another wine shop. They entered it, sat down at a table and the captain again ordered wine. Only three or four persons were in this place, and the prospect was not as lively and open as at the shop they had left. They felt safe from an encounter with the smuggler captain, however, and the boys breathed easier.

"That was a narrow escape," said Dick.

"It was," nodded Jack.

"If he had seen you, I don't know what would have happened."

"He'd have made a try for the chart."

"That wouldn't have done him any good, for it's aboard the schooner."

"He'd have followed me aboard the schooner."

"With several villains like himself and then there would have been a fight, for you could count on Captain Somers and the crew, small as it is, to defend you."

"A determined scoundrel like him would leave no stone unturned to accomplish his object. I wonder what he is doing down here?"

"Maybe Wolf Island is somewhere in this vicinity, and he is thinking of going there and searching for the chest of gold without the chart."

"It is possible you are right. If anybody should know where the island is, he does. He's sailed the Caribbean for a number of years, and Blizzard was with him a part of the time. He was both a turtler and a trader."

"There seems to be no doubt that he's been here before now. He acts like a man perfectly familiar with this town and its inhabitants."

"I wish I could find out why he is on this island."

"I don't see how you're going to do it."

Here Captain Somers remarked that he was

going to have a talk with the proprietor of the inn, who was waiting on a couple of newcomers. The captain found that the proprietor could talk English as well as Spanish, so he adopted it.

"Have you ever heard of an island in this group, a small island, that bears a likeness to a wolf's head?" he asked, after a brief preliminary talk.

"No, senor; but there is a small island about twenty leagues to the west of this—a solitary key, all sand and rock, and only visited in the turtle season by vessels in the turtle catching trade—which was once upon a time called Isla de Lobo, or Wolf Island, on account of some resemblance to a wolf's head."

"Indeed!" said Captain Somers, satisfied that this was the island Jack Barnstable was in search of. "Twenty leagues to the west, you say—that would be 120 miles."

"About that. It might be ten miles more."

"Is it due west of this island?"

"No; it's a little to the south."

"You say it's a good turtle ground?"

"Si, senor. They come ashore nights in large numbers and lay their eggs in the sand, and the turtle catchers hide in different spots and cut off as many as possible of them from returning into the sea—the method being to turn them over on their backs, in which position a turtle is helpless."

"Is the turtle season on at present?"

"No; but it will open shortly."

"What is the name of this island—I mean its present name?"

"Santa Clara, senor."

That was the important point Captain Somers was aiming at. He would now be able to locate the island on the chart of the West Indies that Jack had brought along. Once its latitude and longitude were determined it would be a simple matter to reach it. After changing the conversation to other matters, Captain Somers rejoined the boys.

"I bring you good news," he said to Jack.

"Yes?"

"I have spotted your island at last."

"Good!" cried the boy eagerly. "Let's hear what you've learned."

"It is now called the island of Santa Clara, but its original title was the Island of the Wolf; in Spanish, Isla de Lobo."

"That's it, for a fact!" cried Jack excitedly. "Whereabouts is it?"

"Between 120 and 130 miles from here to the west and south. A solitary key of sand and rock, uninhabited and only visited by turtle catchers."

"I'm satisfied you've hit it. It must be down on the chart as Santa Clara."

"Undoubtedly, as it has borne that name for many years. The proprietor says that its rocky configuration bears some likeness to a wolf's head."

"That settles it. Success has come our way at last. We must start for it at once, for I don't feel safe here now that I know Captain Cadrousse is in this town. Besides, it is possible he might go there soon, on a chance of finding the chest of gold, for having had the chart in his hands once he doubtless carries some recollection of the plan in his head," said Jack.

"We can sail this evening. We need a few fresh supplies, which I will purchase at once and order sent aboard right away."

"Come, then, let us be going."

They left the wine shop and made their way to a shop that dealt in such things as they needed. The purchases were made and ordered sent to a certain part of the water front in an hour, where a boat from the schooner would receive them. They then made their way to the water and hired a boatman to carry them to the schooner. Shortly after their arrival the captain sent a boat, with two men, to get the goods he had bought, and these were duly brought off. As soon as they got on board, Captain Somers and the boys went to the cabin and the chart of the West Indies was unfolded on the table. Running his finger in a westerly direction out into the Caribbean, the captain came to a lone island which bore the name of Santa Clara.

"Here it is," he said.

In a few minutes he had ascertained that the island was situated in latitude 15 deg. 40 min. north and longitude 62 deg. 38 min. west.

"I couldn't make any calculation till we got underway and ascertained our speed by the log. The present direction of the wind will not favor us. Nevertheless, on a rough estimate I should say if we leave by sundown we ought to be close to the island about sunrise if the breeze holds."

"Then by to-morrow night we will have the chest of gold on board."

"Probably, if the chart proves a true index to its location, and the natural guide-marks are still in their place. As a matter of eighty years have elapsed since the gold was buried by the pirate, you must not be over-sanguine that speedy success will crown your efforts."

"As the man from whom I got the chart was on the island not so very long ago and found the chest by the indications, I judge that we ought not to have any great trouble in putting our hands on it," said Jack.

"If he found the treasure, how came it that he did not take it away with him?"

"I judge that he wanted to remove its contents secretly. He did not want to divide his secret with others. Before he could accomplish his purpose a hurricane came on and the turtle catcher he was aboard of had to put out to sea to avoid the possibility of going ashore on the island."

"That was the explanation he made to you?"

"Yes. He brought away about \$3,000 worth of the gold in his pockets, and that was as much of the treasure as he ever got hold of."

"Did he cover up the chest securely again?"

"Presumably he did."

"If he failed to do it some turtle catchers are likely to have found the chest in the meantime, in which event you will have made this trip down here for nothing."

"That would be tough on me, for I have built great hopes on finding that gold," said Jack.

"I sincerely hope you will, both for your sake as well as for my own, since you have promised me a certain amount of it if it comes to light," said Captain Somers.

The chart was put away and the three went

on deck to let the cook, who also officiated as steward, set the table for tea.

Sundown bringing no change in the direction of the wind, the anchor was got on board, sail made and the captain gave the steersman his course, which was west by south.

CHAPTER XI—Isla De Lobo—A Surprise.

It was a brilliant, tropical night and one could see for a considerable distance in all directions.

The breeze, the direction of which compelled the captain to make a leg to the southwest and then another to the northwest, alternately, thereby greatly lengthening the distance they had to cover, which, on an air-line, was 125 miles, made the warmth of the night quite bearable to the boys, who were accustomed to a cool climate, even in the summer.

The boys remained up until midnight and then left the deck for their bunks.

They did not wake till the cook called them to breakfast at half-past seven.

Captain Somers was at the table, eating, when they appeared.

Little else than the treasure was talked about that morning, and as soon as the meal was over the boys rushed on deck and going forward strained their eyes to the west.

An unbroken surface of water and an unspotted horizon alone met their gaze.

"Nothing doing yet," said Jack.

"Oh, well, we have all day before us," replied Dick, trying to take the matter philosophically.

"And all to-morrow and the next day for that matter," said Jack.

"We must have covered over 100 miles since we left Guadeloupe Island."

"We've been fourteen hours on the way, and with the wind in our favor and blowing strong enough this vessel can easily make her ten knots, and that would mean 150 miles."

Two hours passed, and the cabin clock pointed to ten, when the lookout shouted:

"Land on the port bow!"

"That's the island!" cried Dick, delightedly.

"It must be, for there is no other land about here, according to the chart," replied Jack, his heart beating quicker.

Captain Somers came forward with his telescope and took a look at the low, dark object on the horizon line.

He said that it was the island beyond doubt.

The wind having veered around to a more favorable point that morning the schooner made good time toward her destination.

"We must watch out for the wolf's head," said Dick.

"It might not look like a wolf's head from the point we are approaching," said Jack.

Dick had to admit that, but, nevertheless, he was anxious to see the likeness.

A part of the island rose in a rocky ridges, perhaps twenty feet at the highest point, and this ridge corresponded with the dead sailor's story.

The schooner drew rapidly in toward it, but its resemblance to a wolf's head was not perceptible to either lad from that point of view, so they

concluded that the likeness was more pronounced when approaching from some other direction.

"Well, it wouldn't have been named after the wolf unless it looked like one," said Dick.

"I don't care what it was named after as long as I find the chest of gold on it," said Jack.

"Some vessel has lately been wrecked on the island," said Captain Somers, as they opened up a cove. "Take a look through the glass and you'll see the stern of a small craft lying up on the beach."

The boys took turns with the telescope and easily saw the craft lying over on her beam ends, the bows out of sight in the water.

Apparently, she was a schooner of about the same build as their own, for they could see the stumps of two masts.

Within half an hour they came to anchor a quarter of a mile from the shore.

Not a human being was in sight.

"I guess there's no one on the island, or we would have seen signals from the shore," said Jack.

"There might be two or three castaways on the other side of the island who have not seen us yet," said Dick.

It was eleven o'clock when the anchor was dropped and the schooner swung around, stern to the shore, which showed that the tide was making in.

As the boys were eager to go ashore, a boat was lowered at once, and with the captain and one sailor to do the rowing, the boat was pulled in to the beach.

The first thing they did was to look at the wreck.

Jack and Dick tumbled aboard of her at the low side, where there was a great gash that exposed some of her cargo.

Her list was about thirty degrees to port, and she had the high bulwarks of a sea-going craft.

The roof of her cabin rose above the line of the bulwarks, and the door opening on the deck was ajar.

Five brass-bound steps led down into the short entry, which had two side doors, one to starboard and one to port.

One proved to connect with a little pantry, and the other possessed a berth and a sea-chest, with the apparel of its late occupant and other things.

The door leading from the entry into the cabin was also open.

Jack, being in the lead, entered first.

Everything movable in the cabin lay to the careened side and bunched at the lower corner.

There were two small staterooms on either side, the doors of which were shut.

Jack tried the first stateroom door and found it locked.

He crept to the second and found that tight, too, but the key was in the lock.

He unlocked the door and looked inside.

Lying on the bunk was the figure of a man staring at him.

For the moment Jack was too surprised to speak.

He could not see the man's bearded face very clearly, as the room was rather dark.

"Welcome," said the stranger in the berth. "I've been lying where you see me for a week with a badly sprained leg. I am the captain of

the craft, which went ashore in a short night gale seven days ago, and all hands, except myself and my daughter, were lost. I am an American. I hail from Fairhaven, State of Maine, and my name is Edward Gale."

"What!" gasped Jack, hardly believing the evidence of his ears. "Are you Captain Gale, of the Nancy? And is your daughter Bessie here, too?"

"Ay, ay, you seem to know us. What are you? I can't make out your face, but I can see you're a boy."

"I'm Jack Barnstable, of Fairhaven."

"What! Why, why—how comes it you are here? I'm tickled to death to see you, and Bessie, poor child, will be, too. She's asleep in the next stateroom."

Captain Gale held out his hand, eagerly, and Jack slid up to the berth and grasped it.

"Here's some one else you know, Captain Gale," said Jack, as Dick took his place at the door.

"Who is it?" asked the skipper, looking.

"Dick Swift."

"Well, you're the last chap I would expect to meet down here in the tropics. What in creation brought you boys to the Caribbean?"

"It's a long and important story, Captain Gale, and we'll have to wait for a better opportunity. You're not comfortable here, that's easy to see. I'll have you carried aboard my schooner, which is anchored close inshore."

"Your schooner?"

"Yes, the Polly Perkins, of Rockport, which I chartered to come here."

At that moment Bessie, aroused by the talk in her father's stateroom, came out and made her way to the door.

Jack saw her and cried:

"Bessie, don't you know your old friends, Jack Barnstable and Dick Swift?"

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, springing towards him.

He caught her in his arms and gave her a hug and a kiss, for they were sweethearts, and some day expected to be married.

CHAPTER XII.—Bessie and the Boys.

"Dear, dear Jack, is it really you?" cried Bessie, rapturously.

"Looks like me, doesn't it?" laughed Jack.

"And Dick Swift, too. Dear me, what brought you both down here?"

"The schooner Polly Perkins," grinned Dick.

"Of course, a vessel of some kind brought you. I didn't suppose you walked or came by railroad. But why are you here?"

"You'll learn later, Bessie," said Jack. "Aren't you glad to see me, I mean us?"

"Of course I am. Don't I show it?"

"Yes. The first thing to be done is to have your father, who says his leg is badly sprained, removed to our schooner. She's anchored close in. Dick, go and tell Captain Somers that this schooner is the Nancy, and that the only survivors are Captain Gale and his daughter, whom we found aboard."

Dick started on the errand, leaving Jack with Captain Gale and Bessie.

The captain explained that he had sailed ten days before from the port of Spain, Trinidad, with a cargo for Boston, and that all went well until the evening of the third day, when a short but terrific gale from the west caught the schooner and carried her along with it for several hours, and finally dumped her on the island a wreck.

Just then Dick returned with Captain Somers.

Somers knew Captain Gale in a general way and shook hands with him and Bessie.

After a short talk he said he would send for two hands aboard the schooner and have Captain Gale removed from his room and taken on board.

Captain Somers left to give the necessary orders, and the boys helped Bessie to the shore.

"I suppose you and your father have been living on what you could pick up in the pantry?" said Jack.

"Yes, and bananas from the grove on the island."

"There is nobody on it but yourselves?"

"Nobody."

"You have spent most of your time in the cabin with your father, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You must have found it red-hot under cover."

"I did, but that could not be helped. We slept a good part of our time."

"While we're waiting for the boat to come back I'll tell you that I chartered the Polly Perkins especially to come to this island."

"What for?" asked Bessie, looking her astonishment.

"To hunt for a buried chest of gold."

"Is there such a thing here?"

Jack then told her all the circumstances of his being there, and how it came about.

"You certainly astonish me, Jack. How much money do you suppose is in the chest?"

"How could I tell you? I don't even know the size of the chest. It may be a small one, holding about \$50,000, or it might be a big one, holding a whole lot more. In any case, it's worth hunting for. The quest will cost me about \$2,000."

"I didn't know you were so well off, Jack, dear."

"The money belonged to the sailor who gave me the chart. He's dead, shot by that French scoundrel, Captain Caderousse. I have quite a story to tell you about both of them, but it will keep for the present. The treasure is the important thing now. By the way, did you notice an upright stone or rock along the shore that looked like a coffin?"

"Yes. There is such a rock on the other side of the island."

"Good! And did you see a spring of water near it?"

"Yes. There is a spring about twenty-five feet from it, I should judge."

"Fine!" chipped in Dick. "There's two of your marks already, Jack. The east and west points of the triangle. Did you see a large rock, level with the water at the edge of the beach at a point between the coffin-rock and the spring, Bessie?"

"I didn't notice it."

Just then the boat came from the Polly Perkins.

Captain Somers took two sailors, with an improvised stretcher, aboard the *Nancy* and, after some trouble, brought Captain Gale to the beach.

He was able to sit up in the boat and was rowed off and carried on board.

The boat then came back for Bessie and the boys.

They went off in her and found dinner awaiting them, with Captain Gale propped up at the table.

During the meal Jack told his story about the sailor, Captain Caderousse and the pirate's chest of gold, so that Bessie and her father would fully understand the facts of the case.

Captain Gale listened attentively, and then said he thought Jack had embarked on a wild-goose chase.

"I've heard about buried pirate treasure in these seas ever since I was a boy, but I've never known of one authentic case where such treasure had been found," he said. "I'm afraid you've wasted your money, my boy."

"I don't think so, captain. The landmarks, as down on the chart, are all here."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, but Bessie has."

"How would she know them?"

"The chest is buried in the center of a triangle, the points of which are formed first by a rock at the water's edge, visible only at low tide; the second, by a spring of fresh water, and the third, by an upright rock that resembles a coffin. Bessie has seen the spring and the coffin-rock, in line with each other, twenty-five feet apart, but she did not see the rock at the water's edge, because she didn't look that way, I guess."

"Let me see the chart," said Captain Gale, somewhat impressed.

Jack handed it to him.

"It certainly looks old enough to be genuine," he said, "and it looks as if it was made by a sailor. There may be something in this thing, after all. It would be a fine thing if you found the chest, with its contents of gold. It would probably make you rich. Those old piratical rascals certainly did a wholesale plundering business. I heard that Lafitte at one time had several millions worth of money and jewels in his possession, but nobody ever knew what became of it. Doubtless somebody got their flukes on it soon after his death. It has always been my opinion that what the pirates didn't spend in carousing ashore was taken possession of and divided up among the officers and crews of the warships which caught them. What they did not secure was grabbed by Spanish officials, who have ever been a greedy lot for graft. They seem to have fingers like pothooks, that hold on to everything that comes within their reach."

The meal being over, Captain Gale, who pronounced himself much better since getting a square meal under his waistband, the first in a week, was carried on deck and placed in a chair, where he entered into a conversation with Captain Somers.

As soon as the crew had finished their dinner one of them was called upon to row the three young people to the beach.

As soon as they landed Jack, Dick and Bessie started for the south side of the island to find

the points of the triangle shown on the treasure chart.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Pirate's Chest of Gold.

They rounded to the end of the island and turned to the east.

It wasn't long before Bessie pointed to the peculiar-looking rock which bore a striking resemblance to an old-time coffin, such as were used before caskets became the fashion.

"There's the spring at the foot of the ledge," said the girl.

They walked over to it and saw the water bubbling up in a rocky basin from a hole in the bottom.

Jack took a steel tape-measure out of his pocket.

"Hold the end at the side of the spring, Dick, and I'll measure the distance to the rock," he said.

It proved to be thirty feet and two or three inches.

He mentioned the distance.

"Then we want to mark the center of it," said Dick. "Wait till I find a piece of wood and I'll drive it into the sand at the fifteen-foot mark."

There was no trouble in finding a bit of wood that filled the bill, and Dick soon had the center of the base of the triangle marked.

"If the triangle is an exact one it ought to be thirty feet to the rock which is under water, for the tide is up," said Jack.

They waited an hour for the tide to recede, but it had only gone down a little in that time.

They walked to the water's edge to see if they could make out the rock, but could not, for the green water was quite opaque.

"Let's measure fifteen feet, anyway. We can alter the distance when we get a line on the rock," said Dick.

Dick went down to the water and when Jack thought he stood about in line with the stake, he and Bessie measured off fifteen feet and the spot was the center of the bushes.

"A bit awkward, meaning more labor, but that won't matter," said Jack. "Get another stake, Dick, and jam it down here. We'll come back later on, when the tide is low and rectify any mistake we have made."

They then went to the banana grove and ate their fill of the luscious fruit.

They returned to the schooner and Jack reported what they had done.

"The tide will be low about five. We'll return then, with shovels, and get all ready to begin digging in the morning," said Jack.

The young people amused themselves as best they could, conversing together, till five o'clock came, when they got into the boat with a pick and two shovels, and Jack rowed to the beach.

Going down to the water's edge at the point of the imaginary triangle they looked for the rock, but could not make it out.

"The tide isn't all out yet," said Jack; "we'll have to wait."

So they waited, and in about half an hour they saw the stone slowly emerge a few inches above the water.

They made a new measurement and found it to be thirty-two feet.

The center stake was moved one foot further into the bushes and a little to the right.

The shovels and pick were left in the bushes and then they returned to the north shore and went back to the schooner, where they found tea ready.

Jack was not a little excited over what the morrow would bring forth, and small wonder, for he had invested \$2,000 in the enterprise, and should it turn out a failure he would not only be intensely disappointed in his hopes, but his \$2,000 would also be sunk in a losing investment.

As for Bessie, she was interested in the treasure for Jack's sake, and it would be greatly to her advantage if he came out ahead.

He would then be rich, and when she and Jack were married she would be able to live in a grand house, have swell clothes, and put on as much style as anybody in Fairhaven, perhaps more.

So if she and Jack lay awake some time that night after they retired the reader will understand that it was quite natural.

And while they lay thinking in their berths a fast-sailing sloop, with a single occupant, was rapidly approaching the island from the east.

Had Jack dreamed that Captain Caderousse was even then within a few miles of the island, with the certainty of reaching it before morning, we venture to say he would have had a fit.

But he had no suspicion of the fact, and so the smuggler-captain, who himself had no idea that he would find people at the island ahead of him, came on like a flying gull close to the sea.

He did not see the Polly Perkins when he drew in, and finally landed on the south shore and pulled his boat into a recess in the rocks that almost hid it.

Then he turned in for a much-needed sleep. Thus a surprise awaited all parties concerned in the hunt for the pirate's chest of gold.

A brilliant tropical morning was in full swing when they appeared in the cabin ready for breakfast next morning.

The position of the schooner showed them that the tide was on the ebb again.

The young people did not waste any time over their breakfast, you may well believe.

The young folks went ashore alone, crossed the island and prepared to begin the digging.

"We'll give you the honor of turning up the first sod, Bessie," said Jack. "As you can't very well do it with a shovel, here's the pick."

The girl raised the pick and brought it down in the bushes at the marked spot.

She dislodged a bit of bush and some of the earth.

Then Jack took the pick and cleared away a good-sized space.

"Now, Dick, you can make a start with one of the shovels, while I take a rest," he said.

At first they dug alternately, and then together, and at the end of half an hour they encountered an obstruction.

"It's the chest!" cried Dick, excitedly.

They worked harder, though sweating at every pore, and soon uncovered a small, old-fashioned square trunk of odd shape.

It was a wooden affair, covered with the hair skin of some animal which adhered closely to the wood, and the four sides of the cover were lined with tarnished brass nails, with large heads.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Jack, triumphantly and greatly excited.

It took another half hour of labor to land it on the surface and drag it clear of the bushes.

A curious, large antique lock of brass held the cover to the body of the chest.

"Now let's take a rest before we open it and gaze on the Spanish gold," said Jack.

They walked over to the spring and took a drink of water.

They little thought that a pair of glittering eyes were fastened upon them.

Captain Caderousse, coming that way had, to his amazement and consternation, discovered the two boys at work and the girl looking on.

So occupied were they at the time that they did not observe his approach.

He immediately took to the bushes and crawled close to them, like a snake in the grass.

When Jack and Dick landed the treasure-chest on the sand he glared furiously at them and was on the point of springing out and confronting them when Jack proposed the spell of rest.

The captain watched them go to the spring and drink, rapidly turning over in his mind his plan of action.

Dick and Bessie started slowly for the banana grove and Jack returned to the box.

His curiosity to see the contents of the chest overcame his promise to wait for the return of his friends, and raising the pick he struck the lock a heavy blow.

Time and moisture had rotted the rust around the lock and that one blow did the business.

Throwing the pick aside, Jack threw open the cover, revealing a large quantity of loose gold coin, similar to the money Bill Blizzard had brought with him to Fairhaven.

Then something happened that staggered the young treasure-hunter.

The concealed ruffian suddenly sprang upon the boy and bore him to the ground.

"By gar! You make free wiz my monee, eh? I feex you!" he cried, raising his arm to strike Jack.

At that moment Dick and Bessie appeared.

Dick and Bessie were thrown into a state of great excitement by the scene that met their view.

"It's Captain Caderousse!" cried Dick. "Good gracious, he'll kill Jack!"

Picking up a stout stick he rushed forward, undeterred by the ex-smuggler's desperate reputation, and brought it down on the rascal's head.

Jack did not recognize his assailant until he heard the Frenchman's voice, then he realized that he was in the clutches of Captain Caderousse.

He tried to shout for help, knowing that Dick and Bessie were not far off, but the Frenchman's hand was at his throat.

"Give up ze gold or I vill keel you!" hissed Captain Caderousse.

But the rascal had reached the end of his rope.

At that instant the stick in Dick's hand descended, and he fell over on the sand, unconscious.

"Get up, old chap," said Dick, offering Jack his hand.

Jack mechanically took it and raised himself. "The captain!" he said, huskily.

"Is done for at present," replied Dick. "I gave him a lick that sent his wits wool-gathering. He must be secured at once before he can work further mischief."

But they had nothing to tie him with.

Jack looked at him.

"I'll hurry to the schooner, get a line and bring back two of the sailors with me," he said. "We'll imprison him in the hold and drop him at the first port we come to."

Leaving Dick to keep guard over the ruffian, Jack hastened to the schooner.

"We've found the treasure!" he cried to the two captains, "but Captain Caderousse is on the island and I had a run-in with him. He would have done me up but for Dick, who laid him out. I'm going to take a couple of the men back with me to tie him and fetch him on board. We'll have to keep him prisoner in the hold till we can get rid of him at the nearest port."

Leaving the captains in a state of surprise, Jack got a line and called on two of the sailors to come with him.

Captain Somers decided that he had better go along, too.

The party rowed ashore and hastened across to the south side of the island, where they found matters the same as when Jack left.

The Frenchman was still senseless, and in that condition he was bound and conveyed aboard the schooner and put in the hold where he subsequently regained his senses and made some howl, but it did him no good.

In the meantime, arrangements were made to get the chest of gold to the Polly Perkins.

As it was too heavy to move easily, the contents were taken out in buckets and carried to the boat, and thence to the schooner.

As soon as the chest had been sufficiently lightened, it was carried aboard, and what had been taken out returned to it.

It was decided to count the gold right away, and Captain Somers, with the help of the young people, took a hand at the work.

It took some time for the four to make the count, and the result showed that the chest had contained 18,000 gold coins.

"I sold the sailor's gold pieces in Portland for \$10.50 each. On that basis this treasure

footed up \$189,000," said Jack. "I promised you \$1,000, Captain Somers, in the event of success, but you've done so well by me, and the amount is so large, that I will raise it to \$5,000. Help yourself to that sum."

Each of the sailors was presented with \$1,000 worth of the money, and the cook got the same sum, which took \$5,000 more.

"Here's \$10,000 for you, Captain Gale, to make up to you for the loss of your vessel," said Jack.

"Oh, she's insured," said Bessie's father, "though, of course, I'm sure to lose something."

"Take the money for you and Bessie. And now, Dick, this \$10,000 goes to you for coming with me."

The object of the cruise having been accomplished, there was no further need of them remaining at the Isle de Lobo, and after dinner they set sail.

They laid their course for Kingston, Jamaica, where they duly arrived.

Here Jack made a charge of murderous assault against Captain Caderousse, and he was locked up in jail.

As Jack did not care to stay to prosecute the man, he, Dick and Bessie made depositions before a notary and left them with the public prosecutor.

Then they set sail once more, and after visiting several other places, turned the schooner's nose homeward.

They duly arrived in Fairhaven, and there the story of the treasure hunt became public, and got into all the papers of New England, and many elsewhere.

My story being ended, there is no need to follow my hero further.

He went into the coast trade with Captain Gale for a partner, and established his mother and cousin in the finest house he could build in that town.

One year later he married Bessie, and rapidly grew in wealth and importance through the start he got with the pirate's chest of gold.

Next week's issue will contain "\$10,000 REWARD; OR, THE FORTUNE OF A BANK CLERK."

LOOK HERE

"MOVING PICTURE STORIES" is constantly trying to please its readers. We have therefore arranged to print a very interesting account of the affairs of Anatole in the number to be issued next week. Perhaps we should explain what we mean by Anatole. If you care to find out, get a copy of **Moving Picture Stories No. 450**, out August 12, and your curiosity will be gratified.

CURRENT NEWS

TAKES BONE FROM OWN HIP.

George Edward Blanchette, of Middletown, N. Y., who spent nine months overseas and was wounded, has succeeded in removing from his hip a piece of bone which has troubled him for some time. Blanchette, who was in Company I, 107th Infantry, has been in fourteen hospitals overseas and in this country, and yet the piece of bone eluded all surgeons. The wound, caused by bullets, has healed several times, only to break out again. The troublesome bone, as it moved about, pricked him like a pin.

Finally, as he lay in bed, Blanchette determined he would get that bone. His brother, John, who served in the 106th Field Artillery, was with him and with his assistance it was soon done. The bone was a small jagged piece, with pin-like points, and Blanchette is keeping it as a souvenir.

AIRPLANE AS CABLE LAYER.

A six-mile stretch of land telegraph cables was laid and put in service in eight minutes by a plane that came from its station 40 miles away in Sweden recently. Of the eight minutes, six were spent in flight and the other two in making connections, according to *Electrical Review*. Great possibilities, both military and commercial, are seen by air service officers in this new enterprise. Equipment of planes for cable laying is simple and inexpensive. The cable is unreeled from the machine in flight with a flag marker at the end to guide signalmen on the ground to it. When over the point at the other end of the stretch of ground to be covered the wire is cut from the reel and the free end weighted, marked and dropped. The men below merely have to pick it up and connect it to begin talking with the forces at the other end.

ALL ENGAGED GETTING ELDERBERRY BLOSSOMS.

It is elderberry blossom time throughout the Middle West. Farmers and scores of automobilists from the cities can be seen daily scouring the whole countryside gathering their yearly supply of blossoms for a beverage, which they claim to be a little more than one-half of 1 per cent. It is the real elderberry blossom wine, more popularly known as "elderberry blo." One quart of the blossoms will make approximately one gallon of wine, the farmers say. And they predict a "wet year" from the bumper crop of blossoms.

The farmers have, so far as known, four ways of allaying the thirst caused by the well-known amendment: During the early part of the spring they make a beverage from maple sap which they call "sugar-water beer," but which is far from being water; late spring is the time for gathering dandelion blossoms for "dandy wine;" at the present date they are looking to the future for the success of their elderberry brewing, and during the fall months they gather crab

apples for cider, let the cider freeze for a couple of months, add some raisins and other flavoring and they get a beverage which would make a good country cousin to Paris champagne. The per cent. of "kick" in each of these four drinks varies with age.

ENVELOPES MADE OF BAMBOO.

Some years ago American soldiers in the Philippine Islands learned a lesson from the natives that appeared in their correspondence with the folks at home. Now, during the Spanish occupation every native inhabitant was compelled to carry a paper that was nominally a tax receipt, but really was a means of identification and control on the part of the Spanish.

Any native who could not at any moment produce this receipt showing that he had paid his taxes for the last or current year was subject to arrest and imprisonment, and it was very easy to deny the receipt to men whom the authorities thought they had reason to suspect.

The Filipino native rarely had a safe means of carrying papers. Any paper not well protected is likely to be devoured by ants in a very short time. And yet the man must have his tax receipt with him in order to travel from village to village or go about his business safely.

So the Filipinos devised a means of protecting their receipts. They took a slender piece of bamboo, say half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, hollowing it out to the joint, which they left to stop one end. Then they took another piece of the same size and from the end which included another joint whittled a cover for the tube, which fitted snugly on. Then they rolled up the tax receipt, inserted it within the bamboo tube, put on the cover, and so closed it against the ants and against dampness.

The ends of the bamboo were rounded and it could be carried conveniently in a pocket in the trousers, where it was always ready to be submitted to the Spanish official.

When our soldiers arrived in the Philippines they found it much easier to get a scrap of paper of some sort on which to write a letter than to find a safe and suitable envelope. Seeing these convenient tax receipt cases in the hands of the natives, it occurred to the soldiers that they would serve very well for envelopes, and they put them to that use—either purchasing them from the natives, using those belonging to Filipino soldiers who had been killed or manufacturing new tubes from bamboo.

It was not necessary, as they found, to provide the bamboo tubular envelope with a whittled cover when it was used in Uncle Sam's mails. All that need be done was to put a pin through the tube at the open end. This prevented the rolled message from working loose. No ink or pasted label was necessary for the envelope. The soldier simply cut on the bamboo with his knife the name and address of the person to whom the letter was sent.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVII.

The Attempt on the Life of the Prisoner In the Station House.

"I thought so," she said, "but I only wanted to make sure. Now read this note and you will understand what I was trying to find out."

She handed the open note back through the bars to Lew, who read the following with interest:

"My Fair Prisoner:

"You look to me like a girl who has lived well, and I do not want to subject you to the distress of eating such food as they would serve to you in the station house, so, with the idea that it will make you feel more kindly toward me, and also to show you that I have no personal feeling against you, I am sending you in a first-class dinner from a nearby restaurant, and trust that you will enjoy it.

"Respectfully,

"Lewis Rand."

"What do you think of that?" cried the girl. "There is the dinner in the tray at the back of the cell, and it is my good luck that the little dog came here and made friends with me, or by this time I would no doubt be a dead woman. The poor little animal smelled the food when I took it in from the doorman and stood up on his hind legs and begged, so I gave him some at once. He ate it, and while I was arranging the dishes to begin my meal he suddenly uttered two or three sharp little cries and fell down.

"I thought he was suffering from an attack of indigestion, and picked him up and rubbed him, but he only gave two or three more little cries and then straightened out in my hands and died.

"Then I knew what had happened to him and what I had escaped by the merest chance. The dog was plainly poisoned, and I have no doubt that if I had eaten only a few mouthfuls of the food it would have killed me!

"I made you write a few lines and sign your name in order to make sure that the note was false. Since the poor little dog died I have thought the whole matter over, and I am sure that I understand it.

"My arrest this morning was witnessed by some of the gang you have been asking me about, and it was no doubt noted that you came here to this police station and remained here for some

time, and then that you went away with some policemen.

"Then followed your raid on the house where I told you Madge Morehouse was confined.

"It was like putting two and two together to reason out the idea that I had told you enough to put you on the track of the girl, and it was probably feared that I would tell more to save myself.

"I am not that kind, and you know it, for I refused to do more than to tell you where the girl was, but the gang evidently thought that I was going to tell all I knew, and they put this clever job to poison me with a dinner that I would believe came from you, sent in to win me over to your side."

"You've got it all straight enough, without a doubt," said Lew, who had listened intently to the girl. "The little dog saved you from being murdered, and the people you have stood by and refused to name would have taken your life without the slightest hesitation. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

The girl was silent and seemed unable to make up her mind. Lew thought he saw his opportunity and spoke up.

"The question has really been decided for you," he said. "You can only get out of this present difficulty by talking plainly to me, and while you remain a prisoner you will be under suspicion and your late companions will use every opportunity to murder you. If you do what's right I will protect you and see that no harm comes to you, and, moreover, I will see that you have a chance to lead an honest life and become a worthy member of society."

A tear rolled down the girl's cheek, and when Lew saw that he began to talk to her about the sufferings of the innocent young girl, who had been decoyed from her home to give a supposed music lesson, and drew such a picture of her horror at her surroundings that the prisoner broke down.

"You promise you'll stand by me?" she asked.

"On my word as a lawyer and a gentleman," said Lew.

"Then I'll tell you all you want to know. That girl is captive to an organized gang of pick-pockets and store thieves, what you would call petty criminals, who also furnish witnesses in any sort of case for crooked lawyers. You are going to try the Winslow case, in which some of the gang are witnesses, and they feared you on account of your eyes, which I heard them say confuses a man unless he's telling the truth, and it was with the idea of bringing you to terms in that matter that they got you and then got the girl, knowing that you were soft on her and would not be able to do yourself justice if you had to worry about her."

"Which is true enough," admitted Lew. "Who's the 'brains' of the gang?"

"Morgan Drake."

"I thought so. Well, I'll talk more about the gang matters at some other time, but just now the important thing is to find out what has become of Madge Morehouse."

"She certainly was in our house last night."

"Oh, is that your house?"

"Yes, and an occasional resort for the gang."

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

RESTLESS PLYMOUTH ROCK.

For the second time in four months, Plymouth Rock has been moved. On December 21, after the canopy over the rock was torn down the boulder was moved about fifty feet. Three guards have watched over it night and day since. To do away with these guards the rock was again moved and placed in a brick building. The windows have been barred and the door securely locked. Of course the end of the perambulations is not yet.

ONE-THIRD OF AMERICAN CREWS NATIVE.

A recent report of the Department of Commerce, giving a list of the nationalities of the crews of American merchant vessels, discloses the gratifying fact that nearly one-third of the crews of American ships are native-born. Thus out of 25,264 officers, 16,803 are native-born, and 6,985 are naturalized citizens. Of 155,024 men, 50,966 are native-born and 10,898 are naturalized citizens. Of foreigners, the British account for 518 officers and 21,261 men; the Norwegians for 263 officers and 5,938 men; and 43 officers and 16,528 men are Spanish.

LAD GETS DEGREE.

To have the privilege of writing B.A. or the equivalent after your name before the age of twenty in these days of long preparatory school courses and stiff entrance examinations is quite an achievement. Benjamin F. Michtom, the youngest member of the graduating class at the University of Pennsylvania, boasts this distinction.

Michtom, who hails from Brooklyn, was twenty years old July 13, and he received his degree as a Wharton School graduate June 15.

Coming from the Boys' High School of Brooklyn, he matriculated at the university in September, 1917.

TRAP IN HOTEL PLUMBING SOLVES MYSTERY.

Mrs. C. C. Coddington of Charlotte, N. C., put two diamond rings in a glass near a washstand in a room she and her husband occupy in the Vanderbilt Hotel the other night. Half an hour later she missed her rings.

Search was made by hotel employees in vain. In the morning M. C. Scaffer of the insurance underwriters made an investigation, and with John F. Keegan, chief engineer of the hotel, examined the plumbing leading from Mrs. Coddington's sixteenth floor suite. Opening a trap in the basement leading into a large main under the sidewalk they found one of the rings, valued at \$4,500. The other ring has not yet been recovered. Mr. Coddington is said to be a cotton broker.

ABOUT WOOD PULP.

There are two kinds of pulp used in the making of paper. One is ground wood pulp and the other is sulphurous acid pulp. A mixture of

both is necessary to give the paper the proper consistency.

In making the ground wood pulp the wood blocks are forced against the face of a large revolving grindstone with a pressure of 125 pounds the square inch. The wood fibres are broken up and separated, and the resulting product is known as ground wood pulp. The blocks are fed into the stone grinders from magazines on the floor above. The magazines are kept full of wood, and as one block is disposed of another settles into place in the grinders by the natural law of gravity. As it leaves the grindstones the pulp is extremely hot, owing to the vast amount of friction generated in the grinding. In order to keep down this heat, as well as to bring the pulp into a liquid state so that it can be easily pumped, water is constantly showered upon the stones.

This hot mass of pulp is next pumped into the screen room, where the portion of the mixture which is fine enough passes through a finely perforated copper cylinder. That portion which is rejected is either reground or used for cardboard or heavy paper. Upon removal of the surplus water the pulp is ready to be mixed with the other ingredients to be turned into the news print. Approximately one cord of wood is required to produce one ton of ground wood pulp.

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Thirteen At Table.

By KIT CLYDE.

I am well aware the subject I am taking up is a well-worn one. Indeed, it seems almost impertinent to approach it at all. However, the interest of "trenching on the boundaries of another world" still seems adequate to the inexhaustible supply of ghost stories at most persons' command, so I will venture to add to the list of those which have already appeared in these pages, by relating two or three strange facts which have come within the range of my own personal experience. The first was related to me not long ago by a captain in the navy. It will, perhaps, be more forcible if given in the narrator's own words.

"When I was sub-lieutenant on board the —, stationed at Marseilles, an event happened which made a remarkable impression upon me. The doctor of our ship was a great friend of mine. He was a clever, and thoroughly estimable man, but he had one failing. He was extremely superstitious. No old woman ever gave more credence to signs and omens than he did, and he was an almost abject fatalist.

"One evening we had all sat down to dinner in the wardroom, the doctor presiding at the head of the table. We were as usual a very merry party, and jokes were circulating freely. The soup and fish had just been removed, when we observed the doctor's face suddenly change, while he looked around with an expression of great anxiety.

"Hullo, doctor! one or two of us exclaimed, 'what's the matter?'

"His face grew whiter and whiter, and rising up, he said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Stop the dinner. For mercy sake, stop the dinner!"

"Why?" was the simultaneous query.

"We are thirteen at table!"

"A loud laugh greeted this reply.

"Is that all?" we asked, for we thought the doctor must at least have discovered that the soup and fish were poisoned.

"We must not go on. It is certain death to one of us," gasped the doctor; "we must send for some one else directly to make up fourteen."

"In vain we laughed and protested. In vain we endeavored to point out that the harm, if any, was already done. Nothing would satisfy the doctor but that a fourteenth should be procured, at all hazards. We grew weary of opposition and our dinner was growing cold, so at last we gave in, and the mess steward was dispatched on deck to find the first person he could. He pitched upon a man on watch, a gunner named John May.

"The dinner proceeded as merrily as ever, our rough and somewhat bashful guest appearing to enjoy our good fare. At dessert the hilarity reached its height, and we proposed song after song, and toast after toast. When it came to

John May's turn to sing, he curiously enough selected the old rhyme:

"For who can tell where we may be,
To be happy another year?"

"We all seized the idea as appropriate after the doctor's croaking, and we shouted out the chorus with loud laughter and many sidelong hits at his superstition. He still seemed very uneasy, and when dinner was over, he said to me: 'I wish I had made that discovery before.'

"Before the soup came round?" I answered, laughing. "No, don't wish that, sir, or it would have grown cold while we were waiting for number fourteen."

"The doctor groaned and turned away.

"It may scarcely be believed, but it is an actual fact, that before two months had passed, I and several others who had been present at the dinner, assisted in dragging the corpse of poor John May out of the harbor. He had fallen into the water while stepping over some barges to reach the ship's boat which was lying beyond them, and was almost instantly drowned."

The second incident I have to relate happened to a young married lady. She was a gentle, Madonna-like creature, the very last person in the world who would seem a likely subject for supernatural experiences. She lived with her husband in a country rectory some miles from a town. At the time I speak of, she was confined to her bed, recovering from an illness, the nature of which rendered it necessary that she should be carefully guarded from any kind of shock.

One day, on awakening from a long sleep, she said to her husband, who was sitting beside her:

"William, I have had such a curious dream. I thought I saw your mother, Lady —, lying on a bed in the middle of the room, quite stiff, with a sheet thrown over her as if she were dead. Has anything happened?"

Her husband soothed her, and assured her that it was but imagination, as he had heard no bad news. However, shortly afterward, she said again:

"I am sure something has happened. I was half asleep just now, and I thought I saw a man on horseback come to the back kitchen window and deliver a telegram written on black-edged paper."

Her husband endeavored to calm her fears, but she was strongly impressed with a sense of impending evil, which neither his exertions nor those of the nurse could succeed in dispelling.

That same afternoon a telegram was delivered at the house exactly in the manner Mrs. — had foreseen, with the exception of the paper not being black-edged. It contained the intelligence that her husband's mother had actually died at Wiesbaden on the preceding day! A photograph of that lady was taken after her death, on seeing which Mrs. — declared that it precisely resembled the figure she had beheld in her dream.

The third coincidence of the kind which has come under my notice is a well-authenticated one, as it happened to my own mother. She was then a girl of fifteen, living in a secluded country house in Ireland, and at the time I speak of most of the family were away, and she was at home

lone with governess who had long been in delicate health. One summer's evening this lady was lying on the sofa in the schoolroom, near a long French window which opened on to the lawn. My mother was sitting opposite to her, reading, when, happening to look up from her book, she saw entering through the window a spectral-looking man, whose outline was not clearly distinguishable in the twilight, and who advanced to the sofa where the governess was lying, seemed to clasp her in his arms, and then as suddenly disappear. My mother uttered a cry, and the governess asked her what was the matter.

"Did you not see that man?" cried my mother, who was almost fainting with terror. "Did you not feel him clasp you in his arms? What could he want? Was he a robber? Oh, he looked so dreadful!"

As usual in Ireland, there were a great many tramps about the place, and there were frequent disturbances among the peasantry. The governess, though she had seen and felt nothing, was seriously alarmed. The whole house was aroused, and the servants, armed with pitchforks, fire-irons, sticks and every weapon they could lay their hands upon, went out to search the grounds for the mysterious stranger my mother, "Miss Fanny," had seen.

However, no trace of any one—no footsteps could be discovered, and at last the search was abandoned, and "Miss Fanny" was sent to bed, rather in disgrace for having given so much trouble about a supposed robber, who had only existed in her imagination.

My mother could not forget it, and was positive she had seen the men enter the room. Exactly upon that day month the governess died. Some time afterward a portion of the house in which my mother lived was pulled down, and a new wing was added, which occasioned various excavations to be made. During these a quantity of human remains were discovered, which gave rise to the suspicion that the house must have been built on the site of an old graveyard. Immediately under the window of the schoolroom, which was in the oldest part of the building, the whole skeleton of a man was disinterred. Whether this may in any way account for the appearance of the mysterious figure which my mother to this day remembers, can only be conjectured.

TIN CANS AS FUEL; BURN IN FURNACE.

It might be left to the expert metallurgist to say whether or not there is any material quantity of heat evolved in the burning of tin cans, and if so just what their "fuel value" is, says the *Scientific American*. As an efficient and sanitary means for disposing of them there can be no question regarding their cremation.

That almost any quantity of tin cans can be conveniently disposed of by burning in an ordinary hot air or steam house-heating furnace cannot be generally known to householders at large or there would be fewer back yards, vacant lots and dumps cluttered up with this unsightly and unsanitary kind of refuse. As usually thrown out without the formality of rinsing, they are "smelly," and where they not in-

frequently lodge they collect rain water and become most luxuriant breeding places for flies and mosquitoes. All this could be readily avoided by simply "firing" the cans into the furnace along with the other fuel. The burning of a tin can, as any other combustible, is a process of oxidation. Oxidation takes place slowly in the space above the fuel bed because then if the fire is intelligently handled and there is a maximum of "air dilution" there will be no great amount of free oxygen. As the cans are allowed to sink deeper and deeper into the fuel bed, and, finally, into the underlying bed of ashes, they encounter more and more free oxygen which, at a comparatively high temperature, soon results in their almost complete disappearance.

In order that they may be got rid of as quickly as possible, it is best to put them into the furnace before firing on fresh coal. They should not be "poked" (neither should burning coal for that matter, except in very rare incidents), but left alone to sink gradually down to, and finally through, the grates, in which there will be nothing left of them but a few scattered fragments of brittle oxide. It may be remarked that practically all other refuse from the house can be disposed of in the same way.

MADE 1 CENT INTO 25.

A youthful financial genius, who discovered that the diameter of a penny placed on a surface car track was increased to approximately that of a quarter by the pressure of the car wheels, and that the piece of flattened bronze passed current for the larger coin in a slot machine, met disaster recently. Four boys, one of them believed to be the originator of the scheme, were arrested in the Grand Central Terminal by Louis Matlinsky, an agent for a stamp vending machine, with offices at 522 Fifth Avenue. They were taken to the East Fifty-first Street Station and paroled in the custody of their parents for an appearance in the Children's Court.

The four boys were Vincent and Joseph Zebrowsky, 10 and 12 years old, Leonard Bishop, 10 years old, and George Barrett, 12 years old. None of them admitted the distinction of thinking up the plan to use the malleability of copper to increase the purchasing power of a cent twenty-four fold.

Matlinsky told the police that the stamp-vending machines in the Grand Central Terminal had been almost filled of late with flattened cents and that a calculation, based on the number of stamps missing and the number of enlarged coins received, indicated that each of the latter had released twelve two-cent stamps, or twenty-four ones.

While on guard the other day, Matlinsky said, he saw four boys come to a machine and one of them drop in a coin. The bell rang twelve times, he said, indicating the delivery of twelve stamps.

Matlinsky followed the boys to Vanderbilt Avenue and saw them place pennies on the tracks of the Madison Avenue car line and pick up the flattened coins after a car had passed, according to his story. He arrested all four on their return to the terminal and brought them to the police station.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

CROW, AFLAME, BURNS HAY.

A crow alighted on a heavily charged electric wire of the Niagara Power Company recently and was instantly electrocuted, falling a blazing mass into a field of uncut hay near Spencerport, eight miles from Rochester, N. Y.

The field caught fire, causing a loss of several hundred dollars.

FISH BY AIR DELIVERY.

Madrid's daily supply of fish may be brought from the seashore by means of airplanes if a plan under discussion is adopted.

Fresh sea food is extremely scarce in the capital at present, and it is to remedy this condition that the airplane plan has been suggested.

The journey from the coast would take about three hours instead of the twenty-four required by railroad freight trains.

4,000-POUND AIR BOMB PLANNED BY U. S. ARMY.

Plans are being drawn by army ordnance designers for an aerial bomb to weigh 4,000 pounds, far in excess of any before conceived in the United States. It is to contain approximately 60 per cent., or 2,400 pounds, of TNT, and will be one of the most deadly of all missiles known in modern warfare.

Up to the present the largest bombs designed weigh 2,000 pounds. These already have been adopted as standard armament, although with bombs weighing 1,100 pounds, 600 pounds, 300 pounds and 400 pounds respectively, all of which contain about 60 per cent. TNT.

ENTIRE TOWN TO BE REMOVED TWO MILES.

Removal of the entire town of American Falls, Idaho, with its population of 2,000, two or three miles to a new site higher than its present location, is to be attempted within a few months by engineers working on a huge irrigation project.

Waters of the Snake River, on which American Falls is located, are to be dammed, according to present plans, and will be used to reclaim some 300,000 or more acres of arid land now given over to the sage brush.

Engineers say the project is one of the largest ever attempted. The big dam itself will have an abutment of one mile in length, will be 60 feet high and will have a base sufficiently strong to stand an additional 30 feet should it ever be deemed necessary to add to its height.

The big reservoir to be filled by the waters backing up from the dam, will cover some 76 square miles and will have an impound of 3,000,000 square feet. Its waters will extend from American Falls to Blackfoot, a distance of about 20 miles. The reservoir will have a shore line of nearly 100 miles and at its widest point it will be four miles across and, in places 90 feet deep.

Besides moving the town of American Falls, it will be necessary to tear up the Oregon Short Line Railroad and move it to higher bench land. A railroad bridge will be razed and a new one constructed farther up the Snake River. The Idaho Power Company's plant furnishing light and power to the southeastern section of the State will be removed.

The dam site has been surveyed and preliminary work in the form of drilling for a solid rock foundation has been started.

LAUGHS

"Yes," boasted an overdressed individual. "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a cafe."

A reporter was interviewing Thomas A. Edison. "And you, sir," he said to the inventor, "made the first talking machine?" "No," Mr. Edison replied, "the first one was made long before my time—out of a rib."

It was a broiling hot day, and the woman who came rushing up to the railway station all out of breath, was obviously anxious. "Oh," she exclaimed, excitedly, to the station master, "has the next train gone yet?"

"Jones is not looking very prosperous. I thought his wife had money!" "She had." "Then how do you account for Jones' look of poverty?" "She still has it."

"What is your idea of economy?" asked one statesman. "Making everybody except my constituents get along with as little money as possible," replied the other.

Millionaire (to a beggar)—Be off with you this minute! Beggar—Look 'ere, mister, the only difference between you and me is that you are makin' your second million, while I am still workin' at my first.

Little Willowdean, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said: "What is the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BUILDS FUNERAL PYRE, BURNS SELF TO DEATH.

Making a funeral pyre of a kerosene soaked brush pile, Henry Papper, a seventy-year-old farmer, after saturating his clothing with oil, crawled into the pile and, lighting it, burned himself to death at his home at West Oshtemo, near Kalamazoo, Mich., June 25.

His body was found ten minutes later by his aged wife, who saw the smoke and believed the barn was afire. Papper had been despondent because of ill health.

STUCK TO FARM HOME.

As a home-loving woman Mrs. J. B. Hennington, who lives on a farm about nine miles from Belton, Tex., is believed to have no compeer. For forty-seven years she was contented to make her home upon the farm without ever visiting Belton, the county seat.

It was only when summoned to appear in court there as a witness in a case a few days ago that she broke her long record of isolation, and went to town. She said that she always found her household duties interesting and that she never had any desire to visit around. Even with the adoption of the motor car by most of the farmers as a means of traveling, Mrs. Hennington was content to remain at home.

LEFT HER JEWELS WORTH \$25,000 UNDER MATTRESS IN A HOTEL.

Jewels worth \$25,000 were found in a chamois bag under a mattress in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Atlantic City, July 8, after the police of three cities had instituted a search for them. They consisted of a string of pearls and some diamond rings, the property of Mrs. Thomas Lewis, wife of a Wilkes-Barre attorney, who spent the Fourth there. Mrs. Lewis did not miss them until she arrived home. Thinking she had been robbed on the train, Mrs. Lewis notified the Wilkes-Barre, Philadelphia and Atlantic City police.

GOLD ON IOWA FARM.

Gold and silver have been discovered on the Bernard Smith farm, seven miles north of Emmetsburg, La., according to reports from a Chicago assay office.

A large section of the country along the Des Moines River is underlaid by great gravel beds in which the gold and silver are said to have been found.

Bernard Smith, while digging postholes noted shiny particles in the gravel, and he sent samples to the Chicago office.

The report just received states that gold and silver found in the samples run from \$20 to \$40 a ton.

WHERE TREES ARE MILKED.

In British Guiana and the West Indies, particularly on the banks of the River Demerara, there grows a tree known to the natives as the "Hyahya," which yields from its bark and pith a juice slightly richer and thicker than cow's

milk. The tree is about 40 feet in height and 18 inches in circumference when full-grown, and the natives use its juice as we do milk, it being perfectly harmless and mixing well with water. The Cingalese have a tree they call "Kiriaghuma," which yields a fluid in all respects like milk, while in the forest of Para grows a tree called the "Massenodendron," which gives a milk-like juice. It can be kept for an indefinite time and shows no tendency to become sour. On the other hand, certain trees in the valleys of Aragua and in Canagua yield a similar fluid, which, when exposed to the air, begins to form a kind of cheese which very soon becomes sour. In the Canary Islands there is a tree called "Tabaya Dolce," of which the milk, thickened in a jelly, is considered a delicacy.

PROSPECTORS SEEK LOST RIVER OF GOLD.

Searching for a lost river—a river of gold—will be undertaken this year by several prospectors, including oldtimers from the Yukon and Alaska, who are now here outfitting for the long journey into the North country. The lost river bed, where the Peace River once flowed, is somewhere in the big bend of the Peace, bisected by a line drawn from Fort St. John to the mouth of the Battle River.

Some years ago an Indian brought into Fort St. John a fair-sized gold nugget which, according to the tale told by oldtimers of the North, he discovered in a stream in the country to the northeast of the post.

Soon after this an old trapper, a white man, who made Fort St. John his headquarters, came into the fort with a quantity of coarse gold which he had washed from some stream in a similar direction to that from which the Indian hailed.

He never visited his trap lines after this, living on the fat of the land in carefree idleness at the post. He often disappeared, whenever his supplies of necessities ran low, and would be away for a few days, always returning with a fresh supply of gold.

This aged trapper lived in this manner for a number of years. He died, as many trappers and north country men have, on the trail. His body was found frozen. With him went his secret, he never having told to anyone the location of his find. The books of the Hudson's Bay Company still contain a large credit account in the name of the old trapper.

Northmen, who tell the story of the mystic Eldorado north of the Peace, declare that the gold was only available after a heavy fall of snow, with which the old fellow apparently washed his mineral. From an analysis of the circumstances generally, it is thought that the place from which the gold was taken was some old river bed where the Peace once flowed, but whether the story is correct or not remains to be proved.

Prospectors, however, are putting up good money to test the truth of the theory that the precious metal does exist somewhere to the north of Clear Hills in large quantities.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BIG COYOTE KILLED.

A mammoth coyote, which had been killing sheep and goats in the upper Yaqui and Big Elk districts, Oregon, was killed by Marion Hunt of Eddyville recently. The coyote was started on the old Castle place, near Elk City, and after circling several times in the territory, and crossing Little Elk River time after time in an attempt to evade the dogs, was cornered. Some of the best dogs in the country were in the chase.

WOMAN KILLED SNAKES.

When Mrs. Harry T. Smith of Crawford Township, Pa., was looking after a hen that had been hatching some eggs and wondering why "biddy" did not go back to her nest, she discovered the nest was occupied by blacksnakes.

One of the snakes reared its head and Mrs. Smith killed it with a piece of board. When she saw another coiled over the eggs she killed that also. One measured sixty-one inches and the other fifty-five.

FINDS AMUNDSEN'S SHIP.

Captain Roald Amundsen's exploring schooner Maud has been found in the Arctic Ocean by the coast guard cutter Bear and is now safe at Whalen, Siberia. The Coast Guard Service was advised of this on July 11 by radio from the Bear. The message said that as soon as the weather moderated the Maud would be towed to Nome, Alaska.

The Bear was dispatched from Nome some time ago to search for the Maud, which Captain Amundsen reported on his arrival at the Alaskan port was stuck in the ice off the Siberian coast. So far as was reported the Maud was undamaged.

GENERAL PERSHING CHIEF OF STAFF.

General Pershing took over the office of Chief of Staff on July 1, without ceremony, and Major Gen. J. G. Harbord also took up his duties as Executive Assistant. Among early callers to pay respects were Major Gen. John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C., and members of his staff at Marine

Corps Headquarters. One of General Harbord's earliest acts was to make inquiry of the Quartermaster General as to the supply of Sam Bronwe belts available for issue, which would indicate that an order authorizing the belt will probably be issued shortly. Another uniform change looked for in the near future is a change in the uniform coat by the adoption of the roll collar; although should this change be adopted the present coat would be authorized for wear for some time to come.

12-TON CHEESE FOR N. Y. STATE FAIR.

Commissioner of Agriculture George E. Hogue announced July 9 that the largest single cheese ever manufactured will be made at Lowville for exhibition at the New York State Fair, Sept. 12-17, at Syracuse. The cheese will weigh twelve tons and will require 150,000 pounds of milk, the milk from 7,500 cows for one day, for its manufacture. The cheese is being made under the supervision of H. A. Rees, cheese expert of the Division of Agriculture.

Four barrels of salt are required for this cheese, and the cheese bandage alone will cost \$100. The cheese has to be turned, to be properly cured, every three days. For this purpose a heavy framework has been erected in a special building in which the cheese is being made, and a windlass arrangement is provided to accomplish this. The milk which is supplied comes from a territory within a radius of twenty miles from Lowville, and is supplied by members of the Dairymen's League who are co-operating in carrying out plans for the cheese display.

Commissioner Berne A. Pyrke, newly appointed Commissioner of Farms and Markets, and many other State officials were expected to go to Lowville July 12, to be present when the giant cheese is "poured." Lieut. Gov. Jeremiah G. Wood will speak.

The cheese will be transported from Lowville to the State Fair grounds at Syracuse a day or two prior to the opening of the State Fair and will be cut on Syracuse Day by Gov. Nathan L. Miller.

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Mrs. Susie Scott of Buffalo, N. Y., became tired of profiteering landlords, two months ago, and decided to build a home. As she has several children to support she decided to construct the house herself. Mrs. Scott drew the plans for a six-room, story-and-a-half bungalow. She accomplished all the carpenter and masonry work alone and without material assistance equipped the heating apparatus.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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- 825 Always on Time; or, The Perils of a Young Mail Contractor.
- 826 The Missing Bonds; or, A Lucky Boy in Wall St.

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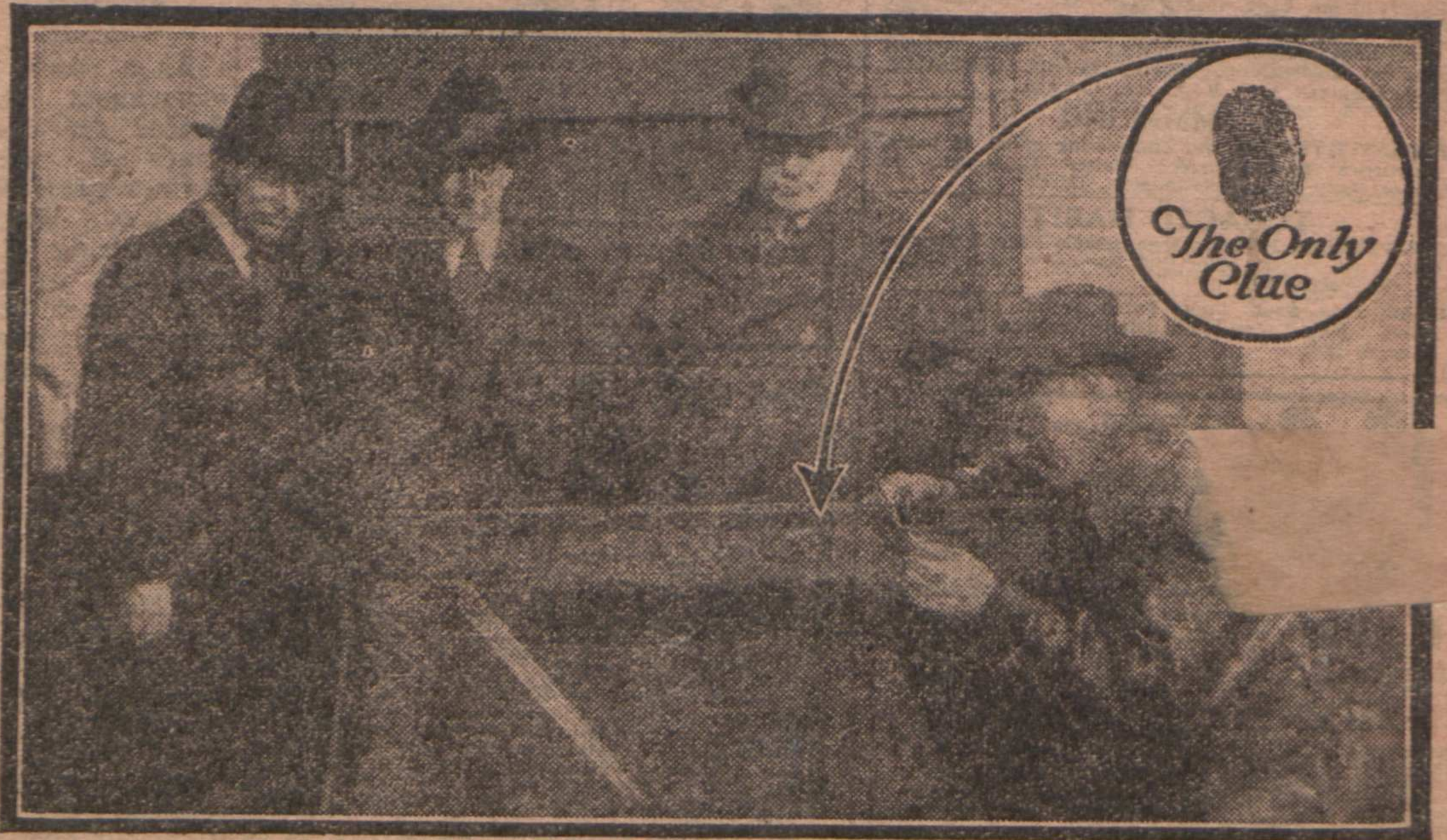
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WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T—O—Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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